

ART AND THE PEACE CRUSADE

THE WORLD TOMORROW

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

VOL. XIII

SEPTEMBER, 1930

No. 9

Art and Religion

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

Changing the Mind of a Nation

The Story of Carrie Chapman Catt

The Outlook for Permanent Peace

CHARLES V. TRENT

What Became of Dora?

Anonymous

THE WORLD TOMORROW, INC.
52 VANDERBILT AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The World Tomorrow

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Published the first day of each month at 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, by THE WORLD TOMORROW, INC.

THE WORLD TOMORROW is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Single Copies, 25 cents; \$2 per year; Canada, \$2.25; foreign, \$2.50. Orders for copies, subscriptions and all correspondence should be sent to THE WORLD TOMORROW, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City. British representative, Edgar Dunstan, 11 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. Annual Subscription, 10s. post free. Entered as Second Class Matter, Sept. 30, 1926, at the Post Office of New York, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Frank Schwartzman is a young undergraduate of New York interested in social problems.

Clarence Senior is executive secretary of the Socialist Party.

Coley Taylor is a member of the editorial staff of the E. P. Dutton Publishing Company.

Paul H. Douglas is professor of Industrial Relations at the University of Chicago.

Norman Thomas, executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy, has recently been nominated for Congress by the Socialist Party.

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Stanton A. Coblenz, the author of *Marching Men*, has written several volumes of poetry, including *The Lone Adventurer* and *The Decline of Man*.

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The World Tomorrow

A Journal Looking Toward a Social Order Based on the Religion of Jesus

Vol. XIII

September, 1930

No. 9

Editorials

Germany and Democracy

The new national elections in Germany will, according to all indications, bring parliamentarism into a most critical situation. For some time it has been almost impossible to unite the center parties, which have been governing Germany since the war upon a common program. They are united in their common republicanism and in their foreign policy of international conciliation, but in nothing else. Rising unemployment and increased deficits in the unemployment fund have accentuated the differences between the governing parties. There was above all no agreement between the industrial employer and the industrial worker, represented by the People's party and the Socialist party respectively, on how the additional taxation for unemployment should be raised.

A government without the Socialists was organized under Bruening after the Socialist taxation plan had been defeated but it lacked a real majority in the diet from the beginning. It sought to supply this deficiency by enacting its taxation program through presidential decree. The German constitution provides for such legislation by decree in cases of grave national emergency but the decree may be reviewed and vetoed by the diet. The Socialists, convinced that the government had not tried hard enough to work out a taxation program which could gain a majority in the Reichstag, presented a resolution to veto the decree and were supported in it by the Fascists and the Communists, whose chief interest was a new general election enabling them to profit from the widespread discontent in which economic depression has thrown the German electors. That they will profit according to their hopes is generally conceded by their enemies. It is not improbable that their gains in the election will make the parliamentary situation more difficult than ever; for no parliament can work constructively when, besides its many other difficulties, it is forced to deal with large anti-parliamentary parties whose chief aim is obstruction.

The parliamentary crisis has served the one good

purpose of finally destroying the old Nationalist party. This party, under the leadership of Hugenberg, the newspaper czar of Germany, or perhaps one had better say the German Lord Rothermere, has been suffering from increasing internal dissensions. The present crisis has served to split what was left of it, after a previous defection, in two. A moderate group under Count Westarp which resents the obstructionist tactics of Hugenberg has left the party and in the coming elections is bidding for the suffrage of conservative voters with the program of offering coöperation to any bourgeois government which will offer satisfaction to the agrarian interests and line itself against the Socialists.

The net effect of this development will probably be to tempt the liberal parties, which have been coöperating with the large Socialist party in the diet, to pull over to the right or to conservatism. It may also result in throwing what is left of the old Nationalist party into the arms of the Fascists who operate under the leadership of the notorious Hitler. Thus the destruction of the Nationalist party is not an unmixed good. It creates a working arrangement between two arch-demagogues, Hitler and Hugenberg, and it fashions a new conservative party, willing to coöperate in the parliamentary task and eventually able to produce a parliamentary majority with other middle-class parties, which can function without the aid of the Socialists. This may mean that, more than ever, the German workers will be made to bear the brunt of reparation payments.

Much depends, of course, on the outcome of the election. An increased vote for the Socialists would make the indicated plans of the conservatives inoperative. But at all events we may expect parliamentary government to pass through critical times in the next four years. Parliamentary government, with a multiplicity of parties, is an unwieldy machine, the defects of which give a certain plausibility to the arguments of right-wing Fascists and those of the violent left, the parties whose main aim is to destroy democracy through either a military or a proletarian dictatorship.

Hoover for Conscription?

Two or three of our readers, becoming restive over the undeniable fact that we have spoken in these columns frankly with regard to President Hoover, fancy they discern behind our criticisms a personal prejudice. Of course nothing of the kind exists. When the campaign was on in 1928, we told our readers with sincerity the kind of President we thought Mr. Hoover would be; and that is, on the whole, the kind of President he has been. We confess to overrating his abilities, if his performance in office to date is any fair criterion; we have not impugned his motives. We repeat again, however, that while consistency is not of necessity the noblest virtue, Mr. Hoover's genius for consistent inconsistency is doing the country no little damage. When a bold, courageous act could have rescued the London Conference, he was silent and unimaginative. When the siren of political opportunism led him into appointing Judge Parker to the Supreme Court, despite the unmistakably low standards on which his appointment was based, he fought with vocal tenacity worthy of a better cause. When the most iniquitous and selfish grab ever put through under the name of tariff was pending, he maintained silence and gave no guidance either to Congress or public opinion, allowing both sides to claim his allegiance.

And President Hoover has now lent his name to another project hard to surpass for evil potency and for its contribution to war. He has signed a Congressional resolution providing for a commission to study—what? Not plans for making the Pact of Paris more effective; not means of achieving a real disarmament; but instead, ways of fastening on the country in peacetime, in advance of the "next war," a draft of "wealth, industry, and man-power."

This project is not new; it is an old friend, well understood by most of the peace forces. It is sponsored by the same old crowd, officials of the Legion, the War Department, and all the galaxy of believers in conscription. Ostensibly, it is a step toward peace, though by countless indiscreet remarks the true character of the measure has been revealed by its friends. Whether as the Capper-Johnson bill or the various guises it has since assumed, the plan has been throughout hypocritical and evasive. It has never provided for a draft of wealth, whatever be the claim; in testimony even its ardent backers have more than once admitted that the conscription of wealth is fantastic and impossible. What the measure will do, however, is to fasten permanently on the American people their slavery to any warring ringmasters who may choose to crack the whip on the Capitol steps. This latest move is only an effort to circumvent the numerous obstacles that have prevented the passage of earlier

bills through Congress, the chief of these being the unwillingness of the American people to be taught the goose-step. This time, however, through the device of the commission, a body of stalwarts with prestige is rallied behind the scheme; the commission will include four members of the Senate, four of the House, the Secretaries of War, Navy, Commerce, Labor, and Agriculture, and the Attorney General. And finally, but not least, the Quaker President of the United States, who affixed his name to the resolution.

A Speculation

It would savor of cosmic irony if the Russians, generation hence, should find that by bringing up the young in a thorough-going collective life in the home on the farm, in the factory, and in the social and political affairs of the community, they had laid the foundations for a living Kingdom of God. It is not impossible that such may be the outcome of the present procedure, although they are far from intending it; for life calmly ignores intentions and builds entirely upon actions. One can easily imagine how a generation steeped in collective living might rediscover Jesus' gospel of the Kingdom and seize upon it as a vital expression of their deepest experience. Such a happening is at least much more likely than the Americans out of their individualistic practice will take it up with enthusiasm. But what a *contratempus* it would be! Atheistic Russians and Theistic Americans would be equally nonplussed. And one can imagine the possible next step: they would send missionaries over to convert us to Christianity! But if they did that, we'd simply have to burn them at the stake—it would be too much.

The Acid Test for Capitalism

The present industrial and business depression with its resultant unemployment has brought to the fore certain significant facts. Chief among them is the problem created by so-called "technological unemployment." Our industrial system is systematically creating labor-saving machinery by which the once essential human cogs are made unnecessary. These unnecessary cogs are removed and join the scrap heap with the rest of the unemployed. The profits created by the new machine and the elimination of labor go into the already bulging pockets of the great capitalists.

Interestingly enough, this system works its own destruction. The unemployed cannot buy the products manufactured by this marvelous machine. The capitalist finds his market restricted and is compelled to reduce prices and often to let his machine stand idle. Of course, there is the hard-boiled answer that the capitalist is well able to weather the periodic storm which for him does not last too long, and after it is

recurrent period of prosperity his profits mount all the higher. But this is not a human answer. It fails to take into account the enormous suffering of the unemployed and their families. If the capitalist is interested in human welfare—and many assure us that he is—there is another way out. It is the distribution of labor over more men and shorter hours, without reduction of wages. Let him retire his old employes at an adequate pension; let him introduce the five-day week at the same wage or a higher wage scale, thus enabling his workers to buy his products on the one hand and, on the other, to keep their children out of factories and offices and in school. This may not bring him a huge fortune in a few years, but it will give him a steady income without the present catastrophic interruptions and crises; and above all it will let his workers be human beings with at least a small margin between themselves and starvation. If capitalism will not consent to develop some plan embodying these elements, it will bring about its own destruction through sheer inhumanity.

Paradoxical

Irrespective of disarmament conferences and other governmental efforts toward better international relations, it is highly important that the forces working for peace keep their eyes steadfastly on the concrete problems they must meet if they are to prevail.

The International Anti-Militaristic Commission at the Hague has recently published a striking summary of military and naval preparations which are going on right under the noses, so to speak, of disarmament conferences. In Belgium, for example, the members of parliament are planning a trip to their northeast frontier to inspect the old fortress of Liege which military authorities propose to rebuild and enlarge. Across the Channel, there is rejoicing among English naval leaders over the new 13,500 ton ship which the firm of Vickers-Armstrong is delivering for the British fleet in the Mediterranean. The French navy aggregates 525,000 tons. Ships to a total tonnage of 13,600 tons are being built, and money has been asked for 20,000 tons more. Germany has again at her disposal 155,000 tons of warships. The United States has 112 submarines, England 67, and France 88. England possesses 854 torpedo launching-tubes, the United States more than 2,472, Japan 690, Italy more than 566, and France 452. The English air force has been enlarged with a number of *fighting* airplanes which can exceed the previous American world-record of 177 miles an hour. The government of Persia is negotiating with the armament-works at Brunn for the delivery of hundreds of machine-guns and tens of thousands of ordinary rifles. For 1930 RM. 9,000,000 have been voted for the German armored cruiser "A," and for the build-

ing of the small cruiser "Leipsic," RM. 7,000,000. Sweden is appropriating 136,000,000 Krs. for national defense as against 132,000,000 Krs. in 1929. Belgium is reorganizing the gendarmerie, which has been gradually enlarged since the war, and some branches are now provided with machine-guns. There are units destined to be sent to the frontier immediately after mobilization. At Wilhelmshafen the new cruiser "Cologne" has been put into use. In England tests will shortly be made with metal military airplanes for the transport of troops.

The Old Guard

The United Confederate Veterans have recently held their fortieth annual reunion. With their ranks thinned by the ravages of the years, the few survivors knew that only a year or two more and they too would be gathered to their fathers. Some kindly soul suggested that it would be a fitting symbol of the reunion of the nation if the two remaining reunions were held in coöperation with the Grand Army of the Republic. Whereupon the Confederate veterans passed the following resolution:

"When the association in time has passed away, we will place to the care and keeping of our sons and daughters our beloved Confederate flag—emblematic of all that is good and holy—that has never been polluted by the touch of German hirelings, Italian dagoes, European wharf rats, or African slavery, but always raised for the purpose of the freedom, the liberty, and the love of our beautiful Southland. Such a meeting does not meet with our approval and no good could come of it."

The logic of the resolution is ambiguous in a place or two. The reference to "African slavery" is somewhat confusing, and what is meant by "German hirelings" is not quite obvious. But what the veterans want to say is that they stood for a cause, that it was a better cause than that of their opponents, and that they are not going to have doubts cast upon their certainties by fraternizing with erstwhile enemies on their march to the grave. The resolution is as pathetic and as touching as human nature. It is just such stubborn resistance that human progress meets at every turn, a resistance which only death can destroy but which offers one last futile defiance to the new spirit of tolerance before the grave claims its own. How strangely men compound their virtues with their vices and seek to sanctify ancient loyalties with new prejudices—love of the "beautiful Southland," with hatred of "Italian dagoes"! One could weep over and laugh at these old men; the laughing will probably have to be done at a distance. If one saw them at close range only tears of compassion could express the proper emotion.

Changing the Mind of a Nation*

The Story of Carrie Chapman Catt

CARRIE LANE in a way was a nonconformist from the first. She was born in Wisconsin, moved with her family to Iowa when she was seven years old, and was brought up on a farm near Charles City. Her parents had the idea that girls in infancy should be seen and not heard, but this was imperfectly conveyed to their daughter. She was first in war and first in peace in the district school. When her brother Charles chased her with a snake, she caught a snake and chased him, and although he was three years older than she was, he recognized the grim purpose in her blue eyes and ran.

She read Bob Ingersoll before she went to high school. She taught a country school to earn money to go to college, and for light reading perused Darwin's *Origin of Species*. She earned her way through Iowa State College at Ames, washing dishes at nine cents an hour the first year, and as Assistant Librarian in the college library after that at ten cents an hour. She wanted first to be a doctor, then decided to study law. After graduation in 1880, she went into a lawyer's office to assist and read law in preparation for a course in a law school.

She was offered the principalship of the High School in Mason City, Iowa, and afterwards was the first woman to serve as Superintendent of Schools there. Then she married Leo Chapman, owner and editor of the *Mason City Republican*.

A bill was pending in the Iowa Legislature giving municipal suffrage to women. This was in 1885, the year she married. Young Mrs. Chapman quite independently organized a small group of friends to canvass Mason City, asking every woman to sign a petition in favor of the bill. Less than a dozen declined. The appearance of this remarkable petition out of a clear sky in a town where there was no suffrage club astounded the state suffrage association. As a result, she was invited to come as a delegate to the next state suffrage convention, where she met Lucy Stone and established her first contact with the organized movement.

Shortly afterward, Mr. Chapman died and the young widow engaged in journalism in San Francisco for a year. This year was a critical experience. She discovered that women had a hard row to hoe competing with men in the business world. It was bad if they were homely and it was worse if they were good looking.

IN 1887 she came back to Iowa and began lecturing. She had two ideas in mind. One was to earn a precarious living, the other was to begin to change people's minds about woman's function in society. Of course the leaders of the suffrage movement in Iowa—and it was well organized there—seized upon her.

The story of her steady ascent in a dozen years from a humble organizer in a rural state to the leadership of the movement is picturesque enough. In 1890 she was of enough importance as a speaker to be invited to the national suffrage convention in Washington, D. C., where she made her maiden speech from the national platform. She was paid \$100 for expenses and speech, which she immediately turned over to the fund for the pending campaign in South Dakota. Here in Washington she saw for the first time all the leaders of the cause assembled on the same platform, for it was the year when the two national suffrage societies combined. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe, made a distinguished group, women famous on both sides of the Atlantic and Carrie Chapman's heart beat high as she beheld them greeting each other, laughing at droll stories, pointing out familiar faces in the gathering audience.

But the leaders were old. (There was a great celebration of Susan B. Anthony's seventieth birthday. Gray heads predominated in the seats of the delegates.) There was that campaign coming on in the summer of South Dakota. Mrs. Stanton was sailing for England. Mrs. Stanton was always sailing for England right after a convention. Her campaigning days were over. She was concerned more nowadays with lambasting the church than with getting votes for women. Lucy Stone's gallant spirit was still willing but her body was breaking. Julia Ward Howe was a name to conjure with, but about as much good as Ralph Waldo Emerson for South Dakota. It would be better to have her stay in Boston, and have the campaigners get the audiences out on the prairies to singing "John Brown Body," and when they were well warmed up tell them the woman who wrote the words was a good suffragist. It would get more votes than Julia ever could herself.

But there was Miss Anthony. She was seventy years old, but she was going out to lead the campaign in South Dakota. She was still as straight as a lath and people would listen to her homely, pungent, inimitable sentences as long as she would talk, and she would talk till she dropped. She was warned that she was too old for South Dakota. "Better lose me than lose a state," she replied.

*One of a series of sketches of pathfinders to a new society, published anonymously to permit greater frankness. Reproduction limited to 300 words.

YOUNG Mrs. Chapman went back from that convention with a troubled mind. In June she went out to Seattle and was married to George W. Catt, a rising young hydraulic engineer on the Pacific Coast. It was agreed that she should be free to go into the South Dakota campaign that summer, and she went.

It was her first referendum campaign. To this day she winces at the recollection of its bleak and grinding tragedy. Drought had burned up the crops of the new settlers. Their animals were thin and hungry. The boom had collapsed. There was no money. Despair haunted the plains.

For weeks she kept at it. Miss Anthony told the young workers there might be no money to pay even their expenses and that those who wished might go home. Some went. Mrs. Catt stayed. In November the suffrage amendment was defeated and she returned home. On the train, soon afterward, on her way east with her husband, she was taken ill and had to stop at San Francisco where she lay at the point of death for some time with typhoid fever contracted in South Dakota.

But this experience made a raw recruit into a new leader. Never again did Mrs. Catt play with all the cards stacked against her. She started at building up a working organization in all the states where there were possibilities of success. She became chairman of a new Committee on Organization in the National American Suffrage Association in 1894, advocated and carried the idea of having conventions of the national association in alternate years in leading cities throughout the country instead of invariably in Washington, and in 1894, with Miss Anthony, made a speaking tour of the Solid South in preparation for a convention in a southern city, Atlanta.

CAMPAIGN followed campaign, with a lonely victory in Colorado, 1893, then one in Idaho, 1896. Wyoming and Utah were admitted to statehood with woman suffrage in their constitutions. Elsewhere it settled down to a nibbling for school suffrage, municipal or bond suffrage, with here and there a state referendum defeat for a full suffrage amendment. But the suffrage forces were growing with every defeat.

When Miss Anthony was eighty years old, she retired from the presidency of the national association, choosing Mrs. Catt as her successor. Mrs. Catt had been the directing energy for several years, and closely associated with her had been Mary Garrett Hay, secretary of the Organization Committee.

In 1904 failing health and personal disaster in the illness and later the death of her husband compelled Mrs. Catt to retire from the presidency of the National American Woman Suffrage Association. Fourteen years of continuous mental and physical strain had taken their toll. She left the organization with money

in the treasury and workers in the field and a courageous and disciplined membership. She had carried it out of the age of propaganda and into the age of political strategy.

At this time she was living in New York; she had been there since 1892. With the release from the demands of the national presidency she had time to ponder the case of the metropolis, and the Empire State. It was not an exhilarating subject to dwell upon. Without carrying New York City, no suffrage campaign could carry the state. Without carrying New York State, no campaign throughout the country for a Federal Amendment stood the slightest chance. The old enemies, Tammany and the up-state Republican machine, with eyes riveted on each other and both their backs turned on her, stood squarely in the way.

T IRED and full of trouble as she was, the sight of those two self-absorbed obstacles to progress acted as a counter-irritant. Twenty-two years had passed since she had secured that petition for municipal suffrage signed by all but ten women of Mason City. Patiently she turned to the project of lining up



From an etching by Bernard Sanders

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

the women of Greater New York, a somewhat larger job, for the attack on Albany.

The first move was to combine the suffrage clubs in the Interurban Council of Woman Suffrage Clubs of Greater New York. The next was to organize every Assembly District in the five boroughs. Then in October, 1909, she executed one of those brilliant demonstrations of strength for which she is noted. She called a woman suffrage convention which met in Carnegie Hall, at which 800 regularly elected delegates were seated, representing *every voting precinct in Greater New York*. At this meeting, the old suffrage clubs voted to merge in the Woman Suffrage Party of New York.

The new organization was modelled exactly after the dominant political parties in order to measure swords with them, and it had but one plank in its platform. The change in the attitude of New York politicians was marvellous. No one of them would have dreamed of getting up a political convention of that scope in Greater New York. The press rushed to the headquarters of the party, and kept right on rushing for the following eight years, when the party, having achieved its end, disbanded.

THE party idea spread within two years all over the country, and the national association adopted it as a campaign measure. But the strain of organizing the New York party hastened a complete breakdown of Mrs. Catt's health. By 1911 she had recovered sufficiently to go to Stockholm to attend the Congress of the International Suffrage Alliance as its President, and afterward to start on a trip around the world. This trip was designed to be a relaxation for a convalescent, but the following excerpt from a letter dated South Africa, September 30, 1911, would have astonished the physician who sent her abroad:

I have been in South Africa two months. I have made 25 speeches, attended 6 formal receptions, 10 formal luncheons, at least 20 informal ones, numberless teas; lunched three times with wives of Cabinet Ministers, spent 8 nights on an insufferable sleeping car, visited diamond mines, ostrich, goat, sheep, cattle, fruit and wine farms; have received many reporters, callers, etc., and had 3 picnics; spent 5 days at Victoria Falls on each of which I walked to the point of exhaustion; visited 7 missionaries and 3 zoos, read 9 octavo books on the history and conditions of South Africa. I have had a good many letters to write as we close our labors with a suffrage convention, National, the first in South Africa, which I am working up. I have not been so well in years.

She returned home in November, 1912, just as Oregon, Arizona and Kansas had won the vote, a glorious homecoming. There was a mass meeting in Carnegie Hall with a pageant to welcome her. She was so emaciated that her clothes had to be pinned on, but her spirits were in fine fettle, and she was at once

swept into the leadership of the oncoming fight for a suffrage referendum in New York State.

In the midst of that crucial struggle, a dramatic incident ushered in the beginning of the end. "Frank Leslie", now an aged and almost forgotten woman died and left her estate of upwards of \$2,000,000 to Mrs. Catt, to be used as she thought best for the cause of woman suffrage. About half of the estate vanished in commissions, lawyers' fees, contests of fraudulent claims, etc., but "Frank Leslie" did manage finally to get \$977,000 across to Mrs. Catt of the fortune she had earned in the publishing business.

Hastened, too, was the cause by the militant wing of the suffrage movement, who made public officials uncomfortable but held them nevertheless in the popular eye and thus more accountable. Mrs. Catt's was not of this group; but seen in perspective, it is doubtful if historians will fail to see how, although often outwardly antagonistic, the two tactics complemented each other.

THE three years from 1917 to 1920, during which she conducted first the drive on Congress to submit the Amendment, and second the drive on the state legislatures to ratify it, are the climactic years of Mrs. Catt's life. She lived on trains, in hotels, in conferences. She probably knew more governors, legislators and other public men than did any other person in the country. No request of hers was ever denied by President Wilson, and that too when he was carrying the burden of the War and the subsequent peace negotiations. Doubtless one reason she always got an appointment to meet the President when she asked for it was that she always stated for exactly how many minutes she would require his attention, and never overstayed her time.

At last, in August 1920, after blistering weeks in the hot town of Nashville, Tennessee, she led the final assault of the seventy years' war. It was spectacular enough. The full story never has been told and probably never will be. The Tennessee Legislature was bitterly divided and harassed by an unprecedented barrage of propaganda for and against ratification of the Federal Amendment granting woman suffrage. Thirty-five states had already ratified; thirty-six were necessary in order to write the amendment into the Federal Constitution.

A presidential election was coming on that fall and if women were to vote in it Tennessee must ratify once. The Tennessee suffragists were well organized and on their mettle. The National Committees of the Republican and Democratic Parties and the two candidates for the Presidency urged ratification. President Wilson took a hand, sending repeated exhortations to favorable action. On the other hand, the Antis flock

from near and far and lobbied with the energy of despair, their backs at last to the wall.

At last, 36 members of the Legislature rose up in the night and fled over into Alabama in the effort to destroy a quorum and block final formalities. But the rest of the legislators voted without the fugitives, and on August 26, 1920, Secretary of State Colby in Washington received the Tennessee ratification and immediately proclaimed the suffrage amendment part of the Constitution of the United States.

Then what a shout of glory went up all over the country, what bell ringing, what jubilation, what profound emotion words could not convey! Mrs. Catt, more dead than alive, had but one desire, to get back to her farm and its sleeping porch on the slope of a beautiful valley in Westchester County, N. Y. But New York, the Empire State, a citizen of which she was, had no idea of letting a great Conqueror pass through Manhattan like a thief in the night.

WHEN she got off the train at the Pennsylvania Station, a crowd was waiting. There was the Governor, Al Smith, there were representatives of the National Committees of the political parties, there were all the "Old Guard" with the old banners, antiquated now, there was the 71st Regiment Band, and amid flowers, deputations, congratulations, wild excitement, the last suffrage parade marched through the streets of New York to the Waldorf-Astoria where a victory celebration was held.

And that is where most people would have been glad to stop work. A well-known woman said recently, "Carrie Chapman Catt is the only person I know anything about who as soon as she had 'finished her career' started right in on a new job."

Not only that, but she started with a new zest. The vote for women never was anything but a tool to work with to her. She begrudged the precious years spent in gaining it. She was glad she could have a little time at last to engage directly with the chief menace of civilization and foe of the human race—war.

Was it hope for her beloved cause of women's freedom that led Mrs. Catt, zealous campaigner against war, to swallow the liberal interpretation of the late conflict and swing into line? Many a Jew backed the War not only from loyalty to the crusade as proclaimed by President Wilson but through a desire to further racial progress by demonstrating his people's capacity to aid the nation powerfully in a crisis. Many a Negro did the same. And women leaders were not wanting who frankly saw in the War the chance for which they had been longing. At any rate, Mrs. Catt accepted a post of importance in the Women's Committee of the Council for National Defense. With her, however, mental disarmament after the War began at home, and has proceeded apace.

THE Conference on the Cause and Cure of War which she called in Washington in 1926, which has met each succeeding year, which now comprises delegates from eleven of the largest women's organizations in the country and has their chief officers on its Board, of which she is the General Chairman, represents the latest phase of Mrs. Catt's activities. To the work of this conference she brings the contacts and experiences of her full life, and in it she satisfies that inexorable and ceaseless demand of her soul for something worthy of its highest endeavor.

For Mrs. Catt is not content with having changed the mind of this country about votes for women. Nor would she be content should she live to see war abolished. She would want to keep right on till the world were wholly decent. Yet it might bore her then. Anyway, once when Mary Garrett Hay was feeling low in her spirits and inclined to pity the two of them as lifelong slaves and drudges, Mrs. Catt remarked, "Well, Mollie, if we hadn't done what we did, what would we have done?"

A Chant for Professors

A CHANT for Professors,
Schoolmen.
Men nervous at books,
With invisible hooks
Angling for something in streams
Alien and strange;
Something to change
Books into gold,
Fears into bold
Buccaneer manners.
Neglect to acclaim,
And death into fame.

A Chant for Professors,
Men having tea.
Mingling with money,
Men soberly funny
About passionate creeds,
About God,
About man and his deeds.

A Chant for Professors,
Not these.
Not men on their knees
Before the Baal of Machines.
For men not bought,
And not sold,
Men alive with a cold
Furious passion,
For men not in fashion.

DAVID BERENBERG

The Outlook for Permanent Peace

By CHARLES V. TRENT

SOME time ago I happened into a country post office where several citizens of the village were discussing world affairs and philosophizing about weighty questions. It was at the time when newspapers were asserting that an open breach between two South American countries seemed inevitable. As I read the headlines bringing the news of impending war, I expressed regret that a new conflict was arising, for we never know to what limits such a conflagration will grow. One of the men immediately spoke up with a kind of devilish glee as if he was glad to see that his theories were about to be put into practice: "You needn't lose any sleep over something neither you nor any one else could avoid. It had to happen; you can't keep nations peaceful. They have just as much of the fighting spirit in them as you and I have. It is in us to fight, and when the time comes to fight, there is no stopping us."

Unfortunately, the average man as well as a few pseudo-scientists are still echoing the ancient myth that war is ingrained in man's nature, that man has a fighting instinct which must find expression in war, and that we need have no expectation of the elimination of war. This hypothesis is followed by the contention that "war is the father of all things," that "all evolution is the result of competition," and that war is the cause of social progress.

HOW scientific are those who assert that men fight because they have within their breasts the instinct to fight? Do those who hold that men fight because of their very nature really understand human nature? How strongly pugnacious are we? Does our "fighting instinct" demand that we kill our fellow men? What do we mean by the "fighting instinct?" Men have been right when they have said that struggle is a universal law of nature. It takes place between the stars in the celestial spaces, between cells within the human body, and between men within society. The process by which this struggle operates is one of great variation, however. To declare that since struggle is a part of life and a part of the activities of celestial bodies, of men and of beasts, men must, therefore, slay one another, is to take a long jump at a conclusion. Granting that struggle is inherent in the life of man, we do not agree that to kill one's fellows is instinctive. We take this position in spite of the argument that war and mutual extermination are as natural to men as to the wild animals that devour other animals. Some scientists con-

tend that since certain species of ants wage war, war is a fact of nature, and war among men is inevitable. To be sure, there is struggle and even extermination in the animal world, but is this true of the animals of a single species? According to Nasmyth:

Not only do we see that the individuals of species capable of association do not devour each other, but on the contrary, they unite for common work, they exchange services, and as a result they create the group of a higher degree of evolution which is called a society.

And again:

If we ask why wolves do not eat each other, the answer is that if wolves were constantly attacking their own kind in order to devour them, the wolf species would have ceased to exist long ago. We do not know how instincts are transmitted by heredity, but we do know that hereditary instincts exist. When man developed from earlier forms, he possessed necessarily the hereditary instinct which is the common law of the animal kingdom, and which prevented him from attacking his own kind.

Instead of possessing an instinct which makes necessary for man to engage in war, man on the contrary possesses the tendency to protect his fellows. Despite the belief that war has always existed, and that it must always be with us, Nasmyth declares that "primitive man did not wage war." War came only when man reached a comparatively high degree of intelligence which enabled him to overcome his hereditary instinct to protect his fellows.

The instincts nearest to the supposed instinct of war are those of fear, anger, pugnacity, rivalry, love of self-display, etc. But such tendencies need not eventuate in war. They may have other outlets. These instincts, moreover, are no stronger than are pity, sympathy, and the desire for mutual companionship; and the latter are a vitiation of the fighting force in man.

What shall we say in answer to those who have called human nature "changeless?" Many scientists who hold that human nature is mutable, base their conclusions on the fact that the instincts are changeable. Dewey¹ says: "Instincts are most readily modified through use, most subject to educative direction." He says further that "those who argue that social and moral reform is impossible on the ground that the old Adam of human nature remains forever the same attribute to native activities the permanent and inertia which in truth belong only to acquired customs. To Aristotle slavery was rooted in aborig-

¹Park & Burgess, *Outline of Sociology*, p. 192.

inal nature or man." Human nature does change. Even if there were such a thing as "fighting instinct," it would not live forever and *ipso facto* make man a wholesale murderer.

HAVING disproved the theory that the cause of war is the nature of man himself, we face the question: Are there not then many causes of war? The answer is without doubt in the affirmative. H. E. Barnes² has said:

In considering the basic causes of wars, it is highly essential to take a broad view of the question. One of the reasons why the former attacks upon war have proved inadequate is that enthusiastic pacifists have often tended to seize upon one or another cause of war to the neglect of many others of equal or greater potency. The causes of wars may be summarized as: biological, psychological, social, economic, political, and ethical. The biological causes of war arise chiefly out of the nature of man which allows a pugnacious as well as a pacific type of conditioning, according to his social experience, and out of the tendency of populations to outrun the space and resources of their native habitats. The psychological causes of wars are comprehended chiefly under the war cult and "hundred per cent" patriotism which is averse to all pacific endeavor as a weak-kneed and flabby surrender of the manly virtues. The social causes of wars are found chiefly in the struggle of interests, the dogma of social Darwinism which represents war as the social analogue of the struggle for existence and the cause of social and cultural progress, and the racial dogmas and egotism which contend that some one race has been designed by God to inherit the earth. The economic causes of war fall under such headings as modern imperialism and the struggle for raw materials and markets, trade rivalry and the contemporary system of discriminatory and differential tariffs. The political causes of war emerge primarily as the doctrine of the finality of the nation-state system and the dogma of the absolute nature of political sovereignty which militates against international organization or treaties that limit the complete independence of the state in every field. Along with these, as a combination of psychological and political factors, is the conception of national honor which leads to the view that arbitration of so-called "vital issues" is a surrender of national dignity. Finally, the ethical and religious causes of wars are to be found in the dogma that the state is an entity unto itself above all considerations of individual morality, in the assumption of the nobility of military service, in the view that war brings forth the noblest ideals and sentiments which mankind is capable of manifesting, and in the assurance that God is invariably to be found rendering loyal support to the policies and arms of a particular state. Only in such a broad sweep of influences making for armed conflict can we hope to comprehend the multiplicity of the factors which the ardent and disciplined pacifist must grapple with if he is to have a prospect of success in his campaign against war.

Obviously those who hold the view that human nature is changeless must admit that by removing *some* of the many causes of war, the number of wars might at least be reduced. And the scornful cynic who

bases his unbelief in the possibility of a peaceful world upon his view of a warlike human nature needs to recognize the score of causes of war, and labor toward their removal.

IF WAR is not inevitable, is it desirable? Is war the "father of all things"? Is it a promoter of culture and "the first law of life"? Breuer³ contends that war is "a necessity for progress and advancement among men on earth." It is difficult to understand how anyone can defend such a view in this modern world. If any conceivable benefits could redound to a nation through war they would be infinitesimal compared with the terrific cost. War implies a selection of a kind, but it has been a reverse "social Darwinism." Nasmyth puts it well when he says:

Carefully select the flowers of the race from each country; reject all but the very finest of the young men, those who are perfect in mind and body, and line these up against machine guns and automatic rifles, mow them down by the thousands with shrapnel and high explosive shells coming from unseen artillery miles away, until the casualty lists run up into the millions—and leave behind the product of the slums, the undersized, the physically and mentally imperfect, the infirm and the weak, to be the fathers of the next generation.

This is the process that is called "improving the race."

IT HAS been argued that right always triumphs, and that the victorious nation or people, being the superior, stamps its civilization upon the conquered and thus bequeaths a higher culture to the world. But does the superior nation always win? If so, then we shall have to admit that the Romans were superior to the Greeks, the Arabs to the Spanish, the Danes to the English, the Mongols to the English, the Abyssinians to the Italians, etc. Are we ready to admit that the nations which have made the civilization of Europe are all in the class of the inferior? In 1806 Prussia was defeated in the battle of Jena by France, but seven years later the same two countries, using many of the same military leaders and warriors, fought at Leipzig and France was defeated. Which was the "superior" nation? It is manifestly ridiculous to say that superior peoples have always triumphed.

The fact is that both victor and vanquished sink culturally and politically as a result of war. War leads to despotism and the enfeeblement of the victor as well as the defeated, for it is impossible to subjugate a people in the present world without injuring the oppressor. Renan brought forth the argument that war promotes civilization and progress because the possibility of being attacked leads a nation to amass arms and to prepare for defense. The fear of being attacked, he claims, spurs a nation on to higher levels.

²Living in the Twentieth Century, p. 341.

³Social Science Magazine, Vol. 3, No. 4.

This view is not unknown today. But we have only to look at some of the nations which have existed for a century or more with no fear of being attacked in order to perceive the lack of truth in this view. The United States has existed since 1783 with little fear of being attacked, and she has made undeniable progress. If war stimulates a nation culturally what shall we say of the advancement of such peaceful countries as Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland, and of the backwardness of such warlike nations as Turkey and Mexico?

WAR, in a world that lives a common life, is nothing short of disaster to all nations involved. According to Professor G. P. Gooch of England:

Civilization is a collective achievement, a common heritage, and a joint responsibility. No nation can crush another nation without injuring a score of nations including itself. As well talk of cutting off a finger without injuring the hand, as to talk of defeating another nation for your own benefit. The world is a veritable "whispering gallery," as Woodrow Wilson called it. The solidarity of the world is becoming so perfect that all parts of it must suffer with the suffering of one part, as an organism suffers when one of its organs is injured.

More than six hundred international organizations, ranging from working men's associations to scientific societies, have assisted in binding the world together. They have, moreover, learned the value of coöperation. They have learned that much more can be accomplished by working together than by working separately and in rivalry. That is to say, if one man had to manufacture an automobile alone it would take him many years. But in the Ford motor plant in Detroit, it is said, one automobile is produced every twenty days by every workman. Similarly a closer association of the nations should enable us to solve our problems with increasing success, and also to advance more rapidly culturally.

War is not inevitable. It is peace that is certain to come, for men are facing this war question with greater intellectual honesty today than ever before. They are beginning to look upon war as suicide. Can it be anything less in a world that is more or less a family group of nations? Peace will come and remain for it is becoming an increasing necessity. The world cannot long exist as a neighborhood unless it becomes also a brotherhood. Hasten the day when men of every nation will stand united in pronouncing war as "the leading scourge of humanity!" Men have it within them to live together in peace!

Art and Religion*

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

THAT fine critic Arthur Clutton-Brock once called special and approving attention to Professor Gilbert Murray's statement regarding the religion of democracy. "The cardinal doctrine of that religion is the right of every human soul to enter, unhindered except by the limitation of its own powers and desires, into the full spiritual heritage of the race." In similar fashion we may say that the democratic conception of art involves the right of every human being as far as he can be made capable of appreciation to enter into the entire heritage of the human race in respect of beauty. "Men become artists and philosophers, Clutton-Brock declared, "because they wish to share that which they have seen—the vision is not complete until it is shared." Here then we have two great treasures which are to be made the possession of every person in the world who will accept them. One is art. The other is religion. What is their essential nature? And what is their relation to each other?

I.

Gilbert K. Chesterton, the English critic, wrote of Matthew Arnold that "His very faults reformed us." Religion is so tremendous and vital a part of human

experience that its most terrible and tragic and hateful aspects only serve to reveal more completely its inevitable and ultimate potency. It can go terribly wrong. But the very wrongness is the inverted revelation of how gloriously and satisfactorily right it can be. In religion man makes terms with his universe. Or is it his universe that in religion makes terms with him? Religion is belief. For there is no vital religion without resolute affirmation. It is affection. For religion fails unless it finds at the heart of the universe that which it can love. It is action. For if the universe is not a tale told by an idiot signifying nothing, there is a goal toward which all things move. Religion always believes that it has discovered the goal and that it may have a share in its realization. It is creative silence. For religion is most potent not when we speak but when we listen. It is fellowship. For religion at its highest is always building roads which unite to God and unite us to our fellow-men.

In Jesus Christ we may discover the spiritual quality of the power which controls the universe. He teaches us to see the universe as a great social adventure of moral love. To be sharers in that adventure and find some new quality of life and character as we meet our own the power of that adventure, is to be men of religion.

* One of a series of six articles on Religion and Contemporary Thought. Reproduction limited to 300 words.

II.

IN a pregnant passage in that posthumous volume "A Writer's Notes on His Trade," C. E. Montague observes: "The rescue of matter from being mere matter, of marble from being mere flaky lumps of the crust of the earth, of language from being a buzz of crude signals and rudimentary chatter and no more—this is the divine event that beckons to sculptors and writers." The sense that the material can be the expression of a loveliness which begins within it and then far transcends it is the fundamental insight of the artist. First of all he discovers it. He finds beautiful things before he makes beautiful things. A tree sharply and nobly silhouetted against the sky, a cliff with the morning sun shining upon it, a human face suddenly alive with a thought which seems to give unity to every feature—in these and in no end of other ways man becomes sensitive to a loveliness which expresses itself through material things. There is a kind of direct perception of beauty which fills the mind with a happiness sometimes curiously edged about with sadness. Then comes to man the sense that what he sees he can create. So it comes about that animals of long ago still move on the walls of ancient caves with some secret of perennial vitality. So all sorts of useful things have been made by man's hand with a touch here and a touch there not for the sake of utility but for the sake of a growing sense of beauty. Little as the early artist may think of it there is an implicit assumption in his mind that the world in which he has found beauty and in which he makes beautiful things is a world which in some real sense is friendly to beauty. And so all unconsciously the artist approaches the realm of religion. A universe you can trust to bring beauty before your eyes and to give you materials ready to be made into beautiful things is a universe akin to all the noblest experiences we call to mind when we use the word worship.

III.

ART may begin by being contented with mere resemblance. So it might seem that the camera would be a rival of the painter's brush. But art becomes refigured photography. It seeks significance. It looks upon a scene or a face from the standpoint of some dominant idea which gives unity to all the varied elements. So it not only seeks but finds meaning. It interprets. It is from this position that Turner can paint amazing sunsets which those who do not understand their meaning may declare are unlike any sunsets ever seen on sea or land. A photograph may tell you more about a man's features than a portrait by an artist. But if the portrait is a good piece of work it puts the very secrets of the man's soul upon the can-

vas. It is for this reason that curious early paintings produced before artists knew much about physiology are sometimes greater than correct modern paintings which are quite without understanding. In the one case you have a flash of glorious insight captured on the canvas in a mass of color. In the other you have uninspired correctness. Now the very fact that art begins where the camera leaves off is most significant. What kind of world is it in which we can look beyond facts to wonderful and gracious meanings? What kind of world is it in which it is always wise to look beyond the fact to the informing spirit? It is surely precisely the sort of world in which the man of religion believes. The artist may not be religious consciously. But as he does his distinctive work he enters territory which he holds in common with the interpreters of religion.

IV.

"Not a muscle is stopped in its playing, not a sinew unbraced,
Oh, the wild joys of living, the leaping from rock to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir tree, the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water . . ."

So sings David in Browning's powerful poem, as he tries to win King Saul back to an interest in life. Here clearly enough art is vicarious sensation. The delights of conscious physical life sing themselves into Saul's mind and even in the depths of his misanthropy cause distant silver bells of happiness to be heard. There is much poetry whose essential characteristic is that it offers vicarious sensation. Rupert Brooke, among the young men carried off by the war, was particularly effective in this sort of writing. Walter Pater put the distinguished mark of his critical approval upon the idea that the discovery and the capture of the most exquisitely refined moment of sensation and the making of that moment permanent in forms of exquisite loveliness is the very genius of art. This sort of philosophy of art, while it begins nobly is likely to become more and more exotic and at last to become over luxuriant and full of the anarchy of undisciplined desire. In Browning's "Saul" bright and gallant portraiture of exhilarating physical sensation is an experience given to you by the artist at a pleasant little stopping place on the road to the great spiritual palaces of art.

Even here art and religion meet. For religion must understand and express and interpret that world of physical sensation which is so real a part of life. Indeed just the insights of religion are ready to save the apostles of vicarious sensation from going beyond their legitimate activities and becoming parasites preying upon the very organisms whose rich life they think they

interpret. Sensations must come at last to express higher values or they lose their right to citizenship in the world of beauty. It is religion which teaches sensations to wear the livery of a kingdom whose reality is beyond question and whose beauty does not fade away.

V.

A NUMBER of years ago Mr. H. L. Mencken found himself writing in a very expansive mood of certain "hortatory and pontifical books." "I turn," he said, "from these pale blossoms of the uplift to the gorgeous rose-gardens of Lord Dunsany—to the incomparable fantasies of his 'Book of Wonder,' and the exquisite miniatures of his 'Fifty-One Tales.' Dunsany doesn't give a hoot for the uplift . . . he is something immeasurably more valuable than all the forward-lookers at present unhung; he is a first-rate artist." The very unleashed enthusiasm of Mr. Mencken as he uses Lord Dunsany as a stone to throw at artists who happen to possess moral earnestness is very revealing. The art he is praising is an escape from moral responsibility. Professor William James used to speak of our need of a moral vacation. And doubtless there is a place for the sheer fantastic irresponsibility of an art which is an escape from overwrought seriousness. Such art however deserves rather shrewd inspection. Like Dickens' character Harold Skimpole in "Bleak House" it sometimes develops sinister qualities. Vacations are very good. But it can be readily understood that a life which is nothing but a vacation may become in time a distinct menace to society.

The presence of hard and mechanistic views of life on every hand has produced a bitter reaction in many a sensitive spirit. There is a tendency to build an ivory tower where one ignores all the aspects of life one does not like. Such writing as some of the subtlest work of Yeats and the delightful fantasies of Lord Dunsany offer happy respite to the spirit tired with beating its wings against minds which have made themselves into clicking machines. One has a right to an hour of refreshment after which one will go back to the battle all the more eagerly. But what if one seeks to evade the fight in a lotus-eating sentimentality? It is rather important that the hour of escape should not expand into a life of irresponsibility. Religion speaks a wise and authoritative word in the presence of this dilemma. For religion as an experience of grace is essentially an escape from the strain and rigidity of a hard earnestness which has never found inner quiet or peace. But it is an escape which sets moral tasks to music. It is not an escape which turns from the tasks that are set before it and repudiates honest responsibility.

VI.

IT is possible of course to despair of reaching any noble or harmonious meaning in life. It is possible to think of the universe as a sorry scheme of things. It is possible for us to think of life as a face without features which looks back at us with an empty stare. This sort of experience may well seem the death of art. Ultimately it comes to just that. But there is an intermediate period when the artist may find a sad austere satisfaction in setting his despair to noble music. "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," turned into exquisite English by the genius of Edward Fitzgerald, is the lyrical tale of utter disillusionment. The end of it all is "just an empty glass." The poetry of Thomas Hardy is the expression of the grim honesty of a mind which has found that the universe has no place for its deepest life. The distinguished cynicism of Edwin Arlington Robinson feels the impact of the same sort of experience. This sort of art is never in the highest sense creative. It is the last gleam of cold light upon the snow before the coming of night. Hardy's god is surprised that his creatures have made ethical distinctions which have never occurred to their creator's mind. One can for a time write potently of a bankrupt deity and the curious puppets caught in the wheels of a mechanical world. But this sort of inspiration wanes. So art may fall upon a bleak silence. Or the artist himself may come to suspect that he has not been skeptical enough. It is not until the cynic becomes skeptical of skepticism that a light begins to be seen in the eastern sky.

VII.

THE selective principles of art—those very principles which make art possible—also bring within reach a notable quest. This is the search for the defining element in any situation—the element which gives unity and harmony to what would otherwise be a mere heterogeneous mass. Mr. W. C. Brownell made a suggestion to the effect that style consists in infusing every part with the meaning of the whole. When with such principles the artist approaches life as a man who has the zest of moral and spiritual adventure he is all the while finding beauty which is trying to break forth even from the midst of ugliness. Even in the mud and scum of things there is indeed always something which sings. To bring beauty to a place of power over ugliness is the artist's endeavor and it has clear kinship with the struggles of the moral battler and of the spiritual leader, in their attempts to secure for goodness the victory over evil. Jesus was always discovering unsuspected goodness—at least unsuspected capacity for goodness—in evil people. As the sculptor sees the finished product in the block of rough stone so

we saw the unchiseled face of a saint in the rough granite untouched as yet by his skillful hand.

VIII.

ART at its highest is always interpreting that which is good and spiritually commanding as well as beautiful. Religion at its best is always bringing to life that which is beautiful as well as noble. The two forms of vital energy meet on the heights. The moral hero always deserves to look out from the canvas and to be the subject of song. And painting and music and poetry miss a great note of ethical distinction unless they discover the moral hero. As you read a notable masterpiece like Robert Bridges' "Testament of Beauty" you come to feel that the interpretation of spiritual beauty is the highest privilege of art. The Venus de Milo knows secrets beyond the ken of her sister Medici. Music is more than mathematics turned into ineffable harmony. It is something Browning expressed and interpreted in "Abt Vogler." It is celestial spiritual insight. Architecture is something more than the imperial splendor of the Byzantine dome. It is the exhaustless spiritual outreach of the Gothic

spire. And as art becomes spiritual beauty, it enters the very sanctuary of religion.

At last it comes to us—and this is one of the supreme insights regarding life—that it is the very nature of the material to be mastered by the spiritual. This, in essence, was the deep insight of Plato. It has lived in the glory of the Platonic tradition. This is the center of the sacramental view of life. It has profound kinship with that other insight that it is the very goal of society to be mastered by the principles and the spirit expressed in the personality of Jesus Christ. If the material was made to express the spiritual, then surely we may say that art is the lovely daughter of the voice of God.

The invisible harmonies of the divine life are to be made visible. So in the realm of conduct you have morals. So in the realm of spiritual fellowship you have religion. So in the realm where the material is bent to forms of loveliness you have art. A decadent art may part company with religion. A conventional and lifeless religion may part company with art. A vital religion and an art conscious of its own high destiny join in indissoluble wedlock before the high altar of the Great God.

What Became of Dora ?

(EDITORS' NOTE: *The author of this story for obvious reasons wishes his name withheld.*)

IN that entirely self-centered society which revolves around Chicago's near North Side, with the Dill Pickle for its Arcturus and the Radical Book Shop for its Aurora, Dora had been known as a wow. Suddenly, between two nights, she vanished, and parties where she had reigned sought another queen. None of them knew what had become of her and few cared. Only the Friar knew and he kept silence.

The Friar was a priest and a newspaper man. There are many such of all denominations on the staffs of large dailies. Some of them have severed all ties with their clerical calling. Some retain it in a casual way, occasionally conducting funerals for the waifs of Newspaper Row, occasionally performing a wedding. In their double capacity as priest and reporter, these men see much, and learn to guard their knowledge. Any reporter's treasury is his circle of friends, and half the art of keeping friends is the art of judicious silence.

Dora's life had been spent in going around sharp corners on two wheels. Her mother died early. Her father had been poor, compelled to work hard and long at extra jobs. The child had little up-bringing. Precocious and spoiled, she slipped easily into the

smart talk and snappy wit of Bughouse Square and its environs. She knew all the orators who hold forth on summer evenings around the edge of that plot of trees and grass flanked by the Newberry Library, the gray temple of the Commandery, and the rattling clangor of the Clark Street cars. Her father had been unable to discipline her. She had lived fast and far, living most of the night, sleeping most of the day.

In that circle one must express one's self. Every thing must be different—furniture, clothes, thoughts, food, habits. Unconventionality is the only standard. Consciously it imitates Greenwich Village, which in turn imitates the Latin Quarter, which is a conscious imitation of what Americans expect to see when they go to Paris.

Visitors to these by-ways come for a dash of spice, for a little variety. Girl students and boy students from universities brag of their acquaintanceship with Jones, the dynamiter, and Ben Reitman, the anarchist, as in New York they used to brag of dining with Max Eastman or supping with Bobby Edwards before Greenwich Village became not so much a bit of highly flavored cheese as an overflowing garbage pail. In Chicago folks go slumming to these places; or hard-working, underpaid youths with insecure jobs drop in for a thrill.

But Dora lived there. What to others was an occasional interlude had been the manner of her life ever since she was a child.

She lived on great mass-meetings where orators denounced and crowds cheered or booed; where vendors of rival magazines, claimants for the salvation of the masses, fought bitterly for vantage points in selling their recipes to throngs milling in the lobbies; where the proletariat sweated and smoked and sneered. Her only faith was in that democracy which, as she knew it, charges this way and that, stampeding now after one leader, now after another; disillusioned first by this one, then by that; where hope is followed quickly by hope and all are presently lost.

EVENTUALLY Dora set up a little tea room in a cellar dug-out. Coffee, cigarettes, snappy conversation, and unpaid bills; free handling of blasé girls by blasé men . . . bohemianism. . . .

This was literally all she knew. Plays and lectures, of a sort, books of a kind, the Russian complex while it lasted.

Dora had love affairs, of course. One of these had been fast and very furious. She admired him for his merciless cynicism, until it had turned against her . . .

It was following this that the Friar came upon her on the Michigan Boulevard bridge. Sobbing hysterically, she was half over the railing. It was five o'clock on an early winter morning. The Friar had finished his work on the newspaper, had sat awhile writing letters on a battered typewriter, and was on his way to say mass at a children's home conducted by a sisterhood of the Episcopal church.

Cold stars were in the sky. Cold winds swept from the ice-fringed lake; cold winds ruffled the black current of the river which runs uphill.

Dora turned a painfully working face as the Friar seized her arm.

"Let me go! Let me go! I'm going to end it all!"

"It's too cold down there," said the Friar. "Let's talk it over and you can pick some nicer way."

Dora sobbed spasmodically as he led her southward off the bridge. "I suppose you think it's all wrong to kill myself, but it's the only thing left!"

Dora knew the Friar, as most of the "intelligentsia" did, from his vigorous speeches during the war, which conflict he regarded as foolishness, and for airing which belief the benevolent government sentenced him to prison.

He said nothing, but walked on philosophically. By degrees the girl became calmer.

"What are you doing around at this time of night?" she asked. "Been keeping a date?"

"I just got through work," said the Friar. "This is my late trick. I'm going to church."

Dora laughed shrilly. "Church! What bunk!"

"It's warmer in church than in the river," he replied. And to that there was no answer. By this time she would have been drifting along in that icy water among the sewerage, sodden like any other garbage—like a drowned dog. Out on the lake waves crunched ice against the stone basework of the Municipal Pier. Here, at least, the lights ran straight along the wide boulevard.

After a while, she said, "I suppose you really think you believe all that!"

"All what?"

"All that you believe!" she retorted indignantly.

"Certainly I believe all I believe," he answered. "You're talking remarkable foolishness." And then started an argument, as he had intended it should, until they found themselves opposite a tall brick building.

"This looks like a jail," said Dora, nervously.

"What do you care? It's not the morgue," the Friar answered. The girl shivered and followed him. Dawn was beginning to break. A Sister in black robe and white cap opened the great front door.

"Sister, this young lady had a narrow escape." The Friar spoke quietly. "She'll want to sit in the chapel and then I'll take her to the hospital."

DORA started to protest. But the calm silence of the convent swallowed up her objections. Perhaps the nearness of death awed her. At any rate she followed the black-robed Sister into the dimly-lit chapel. One red light glowed in a lamp hung from the roof. On either side of the altar knelt other Sisters in black robes, with wide white caps, motionless yet not asleep. There was no sense of rest or of idleness but rather of waiting for some tremendous thing. Light filtered in dimly from an eastern window. The air was very still and very clean.

Dora had never in all her life been in a place of order and silence. In museums and in libraries she had been, and her circle, when they visited such places, broke against the rules to prove their independence. They snickered and chattered as a means of self-expression. But here the ordered silence laid strong hold upon her. She sat quietly.

She had never been in a church—any church. Her father and mother had been militant unbelievers, plucking their faith in the proletariat. She had heard of forms, rituals, liturgies, symbols and sacraments and mummeries used to dupe fools. Religion, she had been taught, was the opiate of the people. But now she felt a great healing power, like the blessed stillness that comes after raw, screaming pain.

She had laughed at evangelists and God-shouters. But here nobody said anything. Silence, calm silence falling like balm on the wounds of a ruffled spirit that had seemed so mortally hurt . . .

A young Sister entered bearing a long, lighted taper. With this she lit the two candles standing on either side of the great altar at one end of the chapel. Dora had seen pictures of an altar. She knew what it was.

Then a door opened softly, and a number of young girls entered. They all wore little white caps and white aprons. They passed Dora silently and knelt. They looked contented, expectant, happy.

Then a triple bell rang somewhere outside, and the Friar entered. He looked different. He wore splendid strange garments of violet silk, and in his hands he bore a golden chalice, covered with violet silk. He knelt, placed the chalice on the altar, opened a large book, and began to speak. . . .

Dora could not understand all the words. But she felt the rushing power of them. They were not his words. He was not expressing himself. These were the words of ages, of uncounted myriads of souls. They sounded continually, like a murmuring harp-string never stilled; for at every moment when dawn swept ceaselessly around the world, its first rays were greeted by such words spoken at altars, beneath the glow of mellow candles, in the gleam of golden chalices. She had known that liturgies are translations of older forms in other languages; that Greek and Latin and English and Russian say much the same thing in varying tongues. At one time, this had seemed to her ridiculous. Now it was as though the voice of oceans, touching many shores throughout listening centuries, was sounding in that little room. Generation after generation had heard these words, and bowed their heads, and lifted up their hearts at the sound of them. As far back as humanity went, always there had been a priest, standing at the altar, to greet the dawn with sacrifice. . . .

A BELL rang. All heads were bowed as the worshippers knelt—the Sisters in black robes with white headdresses, the little girls in neat clothes, with white caps and white aprons, the Friar at the altar. There was silence, in between the rushing sonorous words so quietly spoken across so many ages and to so many generations of kneeling bodies and bowed heads.

"This is my body . . . This is my blood. . . ."

And then, after awhile, "The peace of God. . . ."

Shaken as though by a whirlwind, uplifted as though on a cloud, cleansed and awed and mystified and utterly at peace, Dora sat still while the little girls filed out past her and the Sisters disappeared. Eventually the Friar came out from the sacristy, his violet shimmering chasuble laid aside.

"Let's have some breakfast," he said.

Stumbling, she followed him down the stairs. They were served in a little room lined with books. Outside was the dining-room and the voices of children

could be heard chanting a grace and thanksgiving for breakfast.

The Friar had spoken briefly to the Sister Superior.

"Did you tell them . . . were they shocked?" Dora muttered.

The Friar smiled. "They visit the hospitals," he said. "They run a home for girls with the drug habit, and a couple of rescue homes. A good many children are brought in here from all sorts of homes—some of them orphans, some foundlings. They find out all about them. Sometimes you can shock a newspaper man, but its pretty hard to shock a Sister."

"I guess I'm a pretty tough egg!" Dora's voice was resentful. Her brag and boast of knowing life was crumbling away. These quiet-faced Sisters had met many like her and had survived the shock.

The Friar laughed. "You only think you are. If you want to know how tough eggs can be, stick around this place for awhile."

Dora sat perfectly still. Her little restaurant in the cellar came back into her mind, as it was at this hour in the morning . . . Cigarette stubs . . . dirty dishes . . . lost gloves, hats, sometimes stockings . . . smart cracks, snappy repartee, self-expression.

And quite without any intention of her own, even without her volition, Dora's lips said, "I'd like to."

It was, they said, only a quest for a new thrill. So at first they let her scrub floors. Dora's old friends in Bughouse Square will not believe it, but she did. The luxury, the sheer, soul-healing luxury of having to obey a clock, of having to do things at a certain time instead of when she felt like it or not at all; above all and embracing all the eternal, blessed silence. She did not have to talk. She did not have to say wise things, or any thing . . .

DORA will never be a nun. She is studying medicine, intending to be a trained nurse in the Sisters' hospital, or perhaps eventually a doctor.

But there she is, before the altar, in the dim light of every dawn, her soul liberated and set free by the blessed mechanism of a ritual which sweeps one on so that one does not have to express one's self, but only to be human; a wave on that great ocean which roared out from among the starry spaces so many ages ago and roars ceaselessly on, upward, among the constellations that are like altar candles. . . .

What Shall Endure?

GREAT roads the Romans built that men might meet,

And walls to keep strong men apart—secure.

Now centuries have gone, and in defeat

The walls are fallen, but the roads endure.

ETHELYN MILLER HARTWICH

Not in the Headlines

Race Relations in the Arctic

By a vote of 336 to 19 the guests of a hotel in Reykjavik, Iceland, expressed their dissent at the recent attempt on the part of the manager to refuse a Negro admittance to the hotel restaurant.

Proud Britain Condescends?

According to a United Press dispatch from Allahabad it is understood that Viceroy Lord Irwin authorized the transfer of Motilal Nehru and Jawaharlal Nehru, leaders of the Indian independence movement, to the Poona jail "to facilitate the negotiations for terminating the passive resistance campaign".

International Good Will Among Children

Forty-eight cases containing pottery, leather work, and other products of Mexican art were received at the National Headquarters for World Friendship among Children. A case is to go to the school children of each of the forty-eight states as a return gift from the children of Mexico, who recently received 25,000 Friendship School Bags from the children of the United States.

Solidarity Among Hair-Dressers

The sixth international congress of the International Union of Hair-Dressers was held in July at Copenhagen, Denmark. For the first time the American Union of Hair-Dressers, which has a membership of 52,000, was represented by a delegate. The subject of tips and what to do about them occupied an important place on the agenda of the congress.

Keep Out!

"Stay away from New York unless before you come you are assured of an income of at least \$25 a week." This is the warning issued by the Room Registries Section of the Welfare Council of New York City, a group including all the non-profit organizations which help young women locate places of residence in the metropolis. The Welfare Council is endeavoring to discourage girls throughout America as well as Europe from coming to New York in the mistaken hope that it is easy to get work and to live on as little as it is in their home towns.

The Negro's Coming of Age

As proof of his statement that the Negro race has come of age in America, Professor S. Ralph Harlow, of Smith College, in an address before the twenty-first annual conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which met at Springfield, Massachusetts, in June, cited the following Negroes whose contributions to culture and progress have become world-famed: Roland Hayes, celebrated tenor; James Weldon Johnson, author and poet; Walter White, novelist and Acting Secretary of the Association; C. C. Spaulding of the North Carolina Mutual and Anthony Overton of the Victory Life Insurance Companies; Dr. R. R. Moton of Tuskegee; Mrs. Elizabeth Prophet and Miss Augusta Savage, sculptors; William Harrison, actor and star of "Green Pastures"; Mordecai Johnson, president of Howard University; Paul Robeson, actor, and William Pickens, orator.

Speaking of Records

A new world's record in banking goes to the Chase National Bank of New York which reports total deposits in excess of \$2,000,000,000.

Socialism Spreads in Spain

The Labor and Socialist International reports a growth of 65 per cent. in the Socialist party of Spain during the last two years. In 1927 there were 7,961 party Socialists in Spain, while 13,193 were reported at the end of 1929.

Increase in Hebrew Literature

Of the 417 books published in Palestine during the year 1928, 375 are in Hebrew, 18 in Arabic, 13 in English, 15 in Yiddish, eight in German, eight in Armenian, and one each in French, Italian, and Russian.

Prison Costs Doubled

Statistics from Washington reveal that the cost of running Federal prisons has more than doubled within the last five years. In 1925 the Congressional appropriation for penal institutions was \$3,386,926 and for the operation of the United States courts, \$11,878,845. The current estimate is \$8,175,097 for the prisons and \$15,604,306 for the courts.

Let Freedom Ring

That the world is making no great strides in the direction of free political activity is attested by the report of the International Committee for Political Prisoners. The Committee gives 40,000 as a conservative guess of the number of people imprisoned or exiled today for political opinions and activities, not counting the thousands of Italians exiled by Mussolini to the islands of the Mediterranean.

Twelve Apostles of Peace

The twelve "living men and women who are considered the most effective public influence for international coöperation and world peace," according to the result of a questionnaire sent by World Unity Magazine to sociologists, educators, clergy and editors in America, Europe, and the East are as follows: Ramsay MacDonald, Aristide Briand, Herbert Hoover, Jane Addams, Mahatma Gandhi, Lord Robert Cecil, Frank Kellogg, Elihu Root, Salmon O. Levinson, Romain Rolland, Jan Smuts, and Erich Maria Remarque.

Chile's New Penal Code

The death penalty and life imprisonment in Chile are doomed to abolition if the new penal code now before Congress is adopted. Among the other outstanding features of the new code are the imposition of fines according to the income and financial obligations of the convicted person; indeterminate prison sentences, depending on the reformability of the criminal; and the exclusion of adultery on the part of a woman from the list of crimes. The entire code is designed with an eye toward preventing rather than punishing crime.

Art and the Peace Crusade

GLADYS E. MEYERAND

IN the effort to stamp out war no approach is unimportant. Politics, economics, education, religion, art—all are equally valid in serving as channels through which the evil of war-breeding nationalism may be combated. Internationalism as an antithesis and an antidote is, however, not so much a creed as it is a state of mind. It is fostered largely through subtle, indirect means. Propaganda will not suffice. Outlawry treaties and peace pacts are inadequate. It is something that, like the kingdom of heaven, must come not from without but from within. The psychological difficulty of bringing nations into mutual trust must be met by developing an environment which suggests the pleasant, the beautiful, the intimate things of other countries and other peoples. To the consummation of this end art lends itself more than almost anything else, for art is the field of our imaginative life in which we enter emotionally into the lives of other people. And to the extent that we want a better world, a world of brotherhood and understanding and good will, to that extent must we come to grips with the facts emotionally and artistically as well as politically and economically. We must, in a very practical way, become international-minded. In each race and nation and state there must be a conviction that internationalism is paramount—internationalism in the sense of closer coöperation for the general good. Our duty to humanity is higher than our duty to any constituent race or group. We are men and women first; only after that and incidentally are we French, Russian, American, or Japanese.

But abstract theorization, however provocative, is in itself seldom fruitful, particularly in America, dominated as our philosophy is by pragmatism. How specifically can art be made to serve the ends of internationalism and world peace?

Among the agencies that are pioneering in this effort are the settlements, neighborhood houses, and community centers in our large cities. From New England to New Orleans social and welfare workers have labored to overcome the antagonism and hostility which among urban dwellers are the usual concomitants of congested housing and economic maladjustment. In some cities women's clubs and civic organizations have coöperated in the work and extended its scope by trying to orientate native-born Americans with their more recently-arrived neighbors, emphasizing not only our duty to these immigrants (a dangerous proceeding since, in addition to its

element of patronage, it tends to make us domineering) but what Europeans, Asiatics and others have to bring to us—the cultural and esthetic contributions that are the heritage of their older and mellowier civilizations.

The activities in this direction at Hull House in Chicago, under the devoted and inspired leadership of Jane Addams are too well known to need mention. A beginning has likewise been made at neighborhood houses in other cities—notably at Elizabeth Peabody House in Boston, University Settlement in Philadelphia, Kingsley House in Pittsburgh, Friendly Inn in Cleveland, and Northeast Neighborhood House in Minneapolis. When Lenox Hill House in New York erected its new home several years ago, the plans included a group of club rooms each of which was to be designed and furnished by one of the immigrant groups in the neighborhood. Both men and women entered enthusiastically into the project, the former constructing some of the furniture, the latter taking complete charge of the decoration which included exquisite embroidery of curtains and draperies, the weaving of rugs, treatment of the walls in native design, and the securing and arranging of pottery, pictures, candelabra and other intimate touches carrying out the atmosphere of the group who were to claim the room. The furnishing of these apartments was a definitely international project inasmuch as it inspired a friendly rivalry among the Italians, Poles, Czechs, Russians, and others—a rivalry reflected not in controversial ostentation but in the effort put forth by each club to make its room as thoroughly authentic and as perfect a reflection of that nationality's art and culture as possible.

AT Union Settlement, also in New York, one of the annual events most welcomed by the foreign neighbors is the international ball at which some ten or a dozen countries are usually represented. Native songs by each group and folk dances in costume are the chief features of the program, interspersed with American social dancing. Even this effort at internationalism has grown and developed constructively. At first, the hall in which the dancing takes place was elaborately decorated with the flags of the various nations. Last year, at the suggestion of one of the Ukrainian club members, travel posters were substituted as being less jingoistic and more reflective of the true spirit of internationalism. Guests were accordingly greeted by colorful views of the Danube and the

Volga, of Milan Cathedral, and scenes in the Black Forest and on the fjords of Norway.

The Christmas celebration at Union Settlement takes the form of an international festival with a number of foreign groups demonstrating how Yuletide is observed in their own countries, singing their native hymns and wearing native costumes.

An interesting international orchestra has been developed at Kingsley House, a Pittsburgh settlement. For a long time it was impossible for the Germans and Italians—the two most musically gifted groups among the foreigners—to work together; but finally after long and patient effort on the part of the leaders, the music lovers in both camps perceived that each had something unique to contribute and that for the sake of the art which all loved it would be better to share and cooperate rather than wrangle and dispute.

In a great many neighborhood centers international friendship is promoted through more individual projects that range over every field of fine and applied art—classes in painting and sketching and modeling, classes in Italian pottery, Russian batik, Florentine leather and metal work, Mexican embroidery, Indian basketry and weaving and even the making of *halvah* and German *kartoffel salad*! Indeed, classes in cooking for both American and foreign-born are decidedly popular. The newcomers from other lands are given instruction in wholesome American cookery, while the native-born members of the class are taught to prepare fascinating and delicious foreign dishes. Thus music room, studio, kitchen, and workshop are all pressed into service and from the contacts which they bring about tolerance and good will are bound to result. And good will among small groups is the first stepping stone to a larger internationalism.

AN even more ambitious project has been undertaken at Christodora House, one of the older settlements in New York, in the form of a Poet's Guild of which Anna Hempstead Branch, well-known writer of verse, is the leader. During the year a series of international programs is held each of which is arranged by some one foreign group. It is Miss Branch's plan to have all of the sixty-three nationalities that are represented in Greater New York by consular service take part in these international poetry evenings. Each group is asked to present to the Guild a poem that is typical of its people—a classic, neither sentimental, patriotic nor nationalistic, but permanent and universal in spirit. These poems are added to the "International Unbound Anthology" which is being compiled by the Guild. The money realized from the sale of this anthology, after its completion, is to be utilized in securing translations of difficult or little-known verse of other races and nationalities, poetry that has hitherto been unavailable except to those who speak its tongue. Miss

Branch's international enthusiasm goes even further. She hopes some day to be able to establish international poetry fellowships, enabling poets of every country to carry their songs to other lands, and in turn to gain a wider appreciation of the poetry of all mankind. Among the unusual groups who have made their contribution to Christodora's international poetry nights during the past year are Siam, Liberia, Finland, Peru, and Monaco. Thus far the Guild has emphasized poetry of the past—the standard classic of each nation. Later its plans include a collection of contemporary verse.

Interesting as this project is, its value would be limited if it aimed merely at welding together the foreign-born in this country. That it does more is apparent from the requests which have come to the Guild from all over the United States—from churches, schools, clubs, settlements, and individuals—requests either for assistance in planning similar programs that utilize foreign talent or for copies of the International Anthology itself. Miss Branch and her assistants are to be commended for the imagination and vision they have brought to this unquestionably important task of internationalizing one of the most vital fields of artistic endeavor. If as Santayana once said, "Poetry is religion that is not believed," there will be no dissension and much of sympathy and beauty resulting among those who engage in such a project.

A DIFFERENT and significant approach to the problem has been made by a group of Jewish women in New York who sponsored what is probably the first peace-art contest held in this country. Under the auspices of the Women's organization of the Central Synagogue a permanent peace committee was formed which last spring offered three cash prizes—\$100, \$75, and \$50 for posters embodying the message: "Israel's Mission Is Peace." The committee's announcement ran in part: "Believing that world peace cannot be achieved until each section of the population becomes aware of its specific role in this great undertaking, we have chosen this ancient Jewish proverb as a most challenging call to our people." The contest was confined to posters for the reason that, in the opinion of the committee, a picture has no mission to perform while a poster is specifically art used for a definite purpose. And the purpose of the contest was to portray visually the humanitarian import of Israel's ancient message.

The response to the contest was surprising as well as gratifying. Hundreds of artists from all over the country—artists of every nationality, race and creed—participated, and it was no easy matter for the judges to select the three winners.

The committee has arranged to retain all the posters submitted and include them in a traveling exhibit.

for the purpose of spreading the message of world peace. In this way they hope to bring before churches, schools, clubs, and other organizations the vital part that art may play in promoting universal good will, and to make people realize the great task which this generation must perform if our civilization is to survive.

Even more important than the message broadcast by means of posters to the population at large is the effect such a contest has upon the artist in awakening his sense of responsibility for the world's peace. In the past, artists, like writers and poets, have celebrated war and nationalism; gory exploits were alone deemed worthy of commemoration on canvas and parchment. If our modern generation of artists can be made to realize the equally dynamic challenge that is inherent in the crusade for world peace—in subjects that have to do with world brotherhood and internationalism—that is to say, if they can be made "peace conscious," an important advance will have been made. All of us, whether we live on Fifth Avenue or Main Street, whether we are preachers or teachers or laborers, are subtly, unconsciously influenced by the art which touches our lives, be it a masterpiece hanging in the Metropolitan Museum, a colored lithograph adorning the cover of a magazine, or the film flashed on the screen at our local motion picture theatre. The artist controls one of the most effective means by which the public can be reached. Formerly he could appeal only to those attending salon or gallery; now his channels are new and extensive. He has been called upon to step across into the everyday world, and to do so not by stooping to a lower level of artistic work, but by educating his new and limitless public to understand and appreciate the significance of art.

These New York women, through their foresight and imagination in promoting such a poster contest, have made a very real contribution toward internationalism, and it is to be hoped theirs is but the initial gesture of a movement that will become widespread.

There are innumerable other ways in which art in its various forms may be enlisted in the warless world crusade. Today among progressive teachers visual education holds a large place. And in peace there is to be found an almost limitless amount of material for such training. This education rightly begins with posters from which it may be expanded to include pageants and plays as well as the folklore, dances, music, games, and handicraft of other nationalities. In our schools and colleges courses in internationalism will be offered, and in our cities peace museums will be established. New York has already made a start in this direction with the opening of the Roerich Museum in which the ideal of brotherhood through art is stressed, especially in the exhibits of Himalayan,

Thibetan, and other little-known Central Asiatic art.

The function of the theatre in promoting internationalism is likewise important and so vast as to deserve treatment by itself. Suffice it to say, the day is not far distant when both on the private and commercial stage we shall see the performance not only of anti-war plays that, however excellent, are substantially negative in appeal—*What Price Glory* and *Journey's End*, for example—but of drama depicting the heroism and glory of peace, and the challenge of internationalism in a positive, constructive manner.

Unquestionably art, whether graphic or plastic, can be made to convey a message of understanding and fellowship, and it may very well be a harbinger of lasting world peace. Like art, internationalism knows no boundaries. What is more logical than to make one the handmaiden of the other?

Brevities

Dogma

In pride he walks the narrow way
But hatred's in his heart
For those who step outside the path
That he has fenced apart.

Life

Laugh while you may,
Death's far away;
Work while you sigh,
Death is nigh.

The Pessimist

He walks in the dead leaves
Of Autumn
While the sparrows chatter
Of Spring.

FRANCES R. ANGUS.

Foam from a Prow

I HAVE seen how water, in a deep night hidden,
As over it a prow sped, black like night,
Broke into a foam that, by the dim ship bidden,
Glimmered like a comet's wake, mysteriously
bright. . . .

And does not something shroud itself, and ship-like
riding
Invisible through dark of ages, wake and court
Matter into spray of life? What force hiding
Trails a brightening foam of births to what far
port?

LOUIS GINSBERG

Thus I Have Become Old

FRANK SCHWARTZMAN

WHEN I was a child I saw men rolling great guns, men fitted with sharp bayonets, with rifles, and bombs, men ready to kill. When I was four years older they were still ready to kill. I saw men line other men against cold cement walls and spatter the concrete with frothing blood and jelly-like, shattered brains. I saw men burn other men, men setting great houses on fire and permitting no one to escape; I smelled the burned flesh — human flesh; I heard the last shriek of dying beings — human beings. I saw long rows of soldiers standing around the house, pouring gallons of benzine over it and sending lead to complete the work that the scorching flames had left unfinished. . . .

I saw men, in the name of Revolution, and for the sake of a brighter tomorrow for all of us, round up other men — and women, too, into dark, smirchy, damp cellars, and shoot them down, secretly, without trial, without the dubious honor of a firing squad; men and women stripped of their clothes, shot down like hounds at bay, on their knees, running, pleading, crying, a bullet at close range ending their misery. I saw soldiers killing men in broad daylight; I saw others boasting of the number of bodies their sabres had cut. . . .

I saw policemen, big, cruel policemen, lead away into prison, sometimes forever, lofty, innocent men; those who dared to think, to speak, to protest. I saw peasants mad with hatred, workers dull with despair, a gigantic nation lying prostrated underneath a whip. . . .

I saw millions of men marching, singing, moving on through sunlit streets; a strong, healthy nation,

bleeding with strife, but at last free. I heard millions of throats defy the entire world with the sounds of the "Marseillaise" and the "International" and other songs that used to be so lofty and dear, songs that at first, in those days, meant so much. I heard the thunder of millions of feet rising and falling rhythmically to the sounds of martial music. And then that too ended. . . .

I saw men transplanted suddenly from the midst of chaos to a neighboring country, from confusion and hunger into quietness and the reign of plenty; men unable to believe that they were not delirious, that they really saw, and held, and ate real rice, and white bread, and chocolate; men uncertain that it was not a mere nightmare; men wild and greedy, with blood-shot eyes at the sight of plain herring.

I saw men getting fat, and wealthy, and assimilated; ruined women flirting and behaving like flappers; old men taking over the mannerisms that youth has forgotten. . . . I saw a whole mass of humanity sinking lower and lower, forgetting what they should never have forgotten, and losing their divine gift of appraising values. . . .

Thus I have become old, and while not yet fully grown to manhood, I have stopped wondering over men.

* * * * *

"Old?—Rot!" says Bennie when he gets through reading this sketch which I hand him. "What's the matter—can't you forget it? Hell, you're here long enough."



From a drawing by Albert Daenens

The Book End

The World Tomorrow reviews only books which it believes, after critical evaluation, to be helpful and interesting. On rare occasions it includes unfavorable comment on a popular volume which seems sufficiently misleading to render adverse criticism imperative.

What To Do About Unemployment

FOR many years there have been progressives and independents crying in the wilderness, "Let us unite." Here is a test for them: *Unemployment: a Practical Program*, by Henry Raymond Mussey, has just been published by the League for Independent Political Action. It presents proposals which no one with an ounce of humanity can dispute. It justifies its title by sticking to suggestions that have been proved to be practical. If the progressives cannot now unite into one organization determined to wipe unemployment, the cause of untold human misery, off the face of the earth, there is no hope for them.

The first step, without which no intelligent action can be taken, is gathering and publishing accurate and adequate information. This would seem incontrovertible. However, when the labor and progressive forces tried to secure the inclusion of the unemployment schedules in the 1930 census, they were met by the united opposition of the feudal industrial lords of America through the National Association of Manufacturers, their indirect political agency. And after the inclusion of the questions to determine the number of persons out of work, the industrialists' direct political agency, the Republican party, saw to it that the census enumerators were instructed to "go easy" on asking about unemployment. The result will be disappointment for all those who hoped to get adequate information from this census. Either a special unemployment census must be made under pressure from public opinion, or we shall have to wait until 1940 for this information!

The second step in an effective program, according to this pamphlet, is the thorough organization of the labor market. Public labor exchanges are necessary, and will be even under a non-capitalist society. Although Mr. Mussey speaks only of a political program, the utility of unions in this respect should always be recognized. Stabilization by private voluntary cooperation and by long-range planning of public works is urged, although the author rightly points out that both have been over-estimated as a remedy for unemployment.

All measures suggested break down at critical points without unemployment insurance. It will make the employer scratch his head and plan to cut down unemployment. It will enable the man who is out of work to eat and live above the level of an animal. It will drive out of business those firms that are not financially sound enough to pay an adequate living income and support social insurance. Now that the manufacturers have caused the first national attempt at an unemployment census to fail, it does not seem unjust to insist on unemployment insurance immediately without the social data that has hitherto been called the "first step."

In ending, the author throws down the gage of battle to those who are likely to read the pamphlet and do nothing except sigh over the naughty men in the world. He shows that complete

political house-cleaning is necessary. The two old parties, besides being corrupt and complacent, are thoroughly sold to the interests which fight every attempt to improve living and working conditions for those who create the wealth of the world.

His program will only be brought to fruition by a party that is ready to fight the battles for social justice all down the line, that is determined to follow its principles to their logical conclusion, a party whose members are willing to face ostracism and disdain in order to bring about a political realignment and a new society. In other words, "a third party," which, with intelligent and united action, must become the second party and then the governing party before unemployment and its allied problems are to be solved. (Order Through The League for Independent Political Action, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York. 10 cents per copy, 50 cents per dozen.)

CLARENCE SENIOR

A Historian Falls for Peace

BLIND spots are not confined to historians; but the lack of interest in the history of the peace movement among students of the past has long been notorious. Even now, while there is an awakening in progress, the historians who have definitely busied themselves in this field are scarcer than Eskimos in Ecuador. The Beards, in their "Rise of American Civilization," cavalierly dismiss the entire movement for world peace in America with a scant page and a half—and, incidentally, give a totally misleading emphasis to the years following the Alabama arbitral award. Messrs. Schlesinger of Harvard, Barnes, and one or two others, are about all who have appreciated the import of this movement to our present times.

Except Merle Eugene Curti of Smith. Professor Curti, in true workmanlike fashion, set himself the task of uncovering the origins of the present peace movement. Curti was not content with superficial outlines and apparent facts; he dug deep, saturated himself with the movement's early literature, and, particularly, investigated the early peace societies' European repercussions. He has published his findings—and, incidentally, some highly interesting conclusions—as *The American Peace Crusade: 1815-1860*.

In this authentic, if partial, record will be found the essentials for an understanding of the conditions out of which peace societies first grew, a bit about the most outstanding leaders, the development and clash of group attitudes within and without the movement, the successes and failures of its efforts to influence Congress, the rather dogmatic and finestrung theorizing of the radical pacifists of those days, and, fairly but plainly, the temporizing and compromising tactics often indulged in by timid leadership.

Professor Curti writes clearly, though hardly with distinction. Happily, however, he does allow himself to write as a human being, with some appreciation of personality and with an evident warmth when it comes to certain peace men in particular. We

rather suspect him at times of hero-worship, and like his book and him the better for it.

No writer in this field, however assiduously he labored, could fail to miss out on a few things of importance. We understand that it was the stubborn lack of imagination on the part of publishers (these are our words and do not come from Professor Curti) which made him cut down his manuscript, and cut it down, we think, unwarrantably. But even so, it appears doubtful whether Professor Curti has run into the extremely interesting history of the Rogerenes of old Connecticut, a fanatical but sincere and effective pacifist group whose influence on peace organizations was manifested as late as 1900. To miss Timothy Watrous's "Battle Axe" is to miss something choice indeed—undoubtedly the most vigorous attack on war-blessing clergy ever penned; no wonder its author suffered for it! There is about the book some evidence that the author writes from a far deeper insight into the historic aspects of the peace cause than of the present-day societies; this, of course, constitutes something of a handicap in preventing a mellowed judgment.

Invaluable are the sections dealing with the progress of the early European peace congresses, and, in fact, the whole relationship between the American and foreign movements. Nobody but Professor Curti could remotely approach so fine a treatment; in this important phase of history he stands alone.

It is heartening, to say the least, when writers with a sense of proportion, a rich field of historic reading, and a genuine depth of interest, even fascination, in their subject, set themselves to the task of making known the indubitable values to American life of its ultimately most significant movement. Of these Professor Curti is the first, and the debt our generation owes him is very great. (Published by the Duke University Press. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop \$3.50, postpaid.) D. A.

The Office

THE office staff of any large company provides rich material for the novelist or short story writer. Few office workers have any more than purely accidental connection with their jobs; the incentive is a pay-envelope, and after that a raise. In some cases, young women turn to office jobs in the expectation of meeting "eligible" men. Many of the workers remain uninterested, and change from one office to another, for variety's sake. A few become involved in the business, swallow all the bunk and reap their rewards. And, of course, there are always those who, in any office, hang on desperately, fear of losing their jobs the paramount influence in their lives.

Very little of importance has been done with this material. Perhaps it is too close to our lives, too bitterly personal. Edwin Seaver's *The Company* is an excellent prose Spoon River Anthology of the office staff of a large public utility company. It is not detailed in the manner of the photographic realists; instead Mr. Seaver presents his people in a prose that reminds one of the method of the caricaturist Covarrubias in wash and color—the typical faces, enough background to suggest environment, the ungainly contours, smugness and stupidity made real by ironic, objective drawing. The boss, one of six vice-presidents, the "editorial office" manufacturing the blah and writing the boss's dinner speeches and radio talks and newspaper interviews, the futile routine, the so-called wit and wise-cracks, are all typical but presented with an ironic objectivity that keeps them from being banal. The author has no laments over his people; they are

as they are. Some of them are intelligent enough to compare their silly "achievement" with their earlier hopes and romantic dreams; a few realize their own futility. This is quite true, but a lesser artist would not have seen it. It takes a keen insight to interpret Babbitt's boredom, for Babbitt is a good actor. Mr. Seaver's writing is satiric, though by that one does not mean to imply the cynicism or the sentimentality of the sophisticated romantic. Nor is his manner that of the contemptuous critic. His people are pictured as objectively as are those of Dorothy Parker or Ring Lardner. (Published by Macmillan. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$2.00 postpaid.)

COLEY TAYLOR

Communist Heresy

SINCE this is the book—*The Twilight of Empire*—which caused the Workers' Party to expel Scott Nearing, the reader's interest is naturally piqued in the attempt to discover what the Communist Sanhedrin believed to be the lurking and dangerous heresy of its pages. On the surface it seems to be thoroughly orthodox in its prediction of the inevitable downfall of capitalistic imperialism, and the reorganization of the world upon the basis of a sovietized, planned economy. The chief moving forces advanced for this transformation are (1) the revolt of the subject peoples of Africa and Asia against the domination of the capitalistic and white nations; (2) the growth of a radical labor movement within the imperialistic countries; and (3) the example of Soviet Russia.

Where then, the reader is likely to ask, are the supposed heresies? Do they lie in the little emphasis which is given to the theory of surplus value as the cause for the dumping of goods by the capitalistic nations? Or were the Communist leaders disturbed because Nearing finds the origins of imperialistic conquest to lie four or five thousand years in the past, whereas they would make imperialism solely the product of industrial capitalism and hence the characteristic only of the last century and a half? Or did they take offense at his concept of recurring cycles of imperialism in which each dominant nation and economic stage goes through its phases of growth and decay only to be succeeded by another nation or stage? Despite the fact that Nearing's final section brings the world into what the Communist must regard as heaven, his pendulum-like theory of history may sound alien to Marxian ears, accustomed as they are to hearing the Hegelian dialectic with its emphasis upon cumulative change. But in truth the permanence of the Communistic goal is no more menaced by the pendulum concept of history than by the Neo-Hegelian dialectic itself. For it is the inevitable logic of both of these theories that nothing lasts forever—and that everything changes. There is no surety, therefore, even from the Hegelian approach, that Communism is the Salton Sea into which the stream of history pours, nor that, in the language of the favorite poet of our grandmothers, it is the "one far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves."

It may seem very ungallant when such a fine person as Scott Nearing is surrounded by so many critics to add further to his burden. And yet, if I am to review his book, I must do so. I do not place any stock in the Communistic criticisms of his theses, but I must point out the deep and dark economic heresies which I in turn detect. Like most historians, Nearing seems to believe that trade between nations is necessarily competitive and antagonistic, and that the economic growth of one nation is necessarily

associated with the absolute decline of others. The truth of the matter is that most international trade is coöperative, obtaining, through the geographical division of labor, a greater advantage to all parties than would otherwise be the case. Diplomats and historians have an unaccountable inability to understand this principle, but that ought not be true of an economist like Nearing. His enthusiasm for Karl Marx should not blind him to the great principles of the mutual advantages of foreign trade worked out by Adam Smith and Ricardo, and put into politics by Richard Cobden and John Bright. (Published by Vanguard Press. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$2.50 postpaid.)

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

The Man from Marion

MAY DIXON THACKER has gathered excerpts from the diaries of Gaston B. Means into a book that is so sensational and so damaging that I should think that some of Mr. Harding's family or friends would invoke against *The Strange Death of President Harding* the law of libel which, I understand, can be invoked even for the protection of the dead. Perhaps they fear the issue. Briefly, Mr. Means says that President Harding was poisoned by his wife primarily to save his honor and reputation, which she knew were daily more compromised, and secondly, possibly because of her jealousy of him. The story thus boldly stated sounds preposterous. Means is a man with a grievance who obviously loves to be a theatrical sort of detective. Nevertheless, whether his main statement is true or false, it seems perfectly plain that he, as a secret service agent of the government, was employed in very despicable snooping.

His general picture of things under Harding is probably true and I think that he has pretty well sized up both Mr. and Mrs. Harding in point of character. The Harding Administration in many of its aspects was a shameful episode in American history. I join with Oswald Garrison Villard in wondering what the present Chief Justice of the United States would say about this kind of story. (Published by the Guild Publishing Company. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$3.50 postpaid.)

NORMAN THOMAS

The Foolishness of Preaching

CERTAINLY not all of it is foolish. When a man of spiritual insight, broad sympathy and keen intellect, who knows what is going on in the world, discourses on some problem of human life, the result is apt to be stimulating and worth while. That is the case with this volume of sermons to which Ernest Fremont Tittle has given the above title.

Too many sermons have an air of unreality about them; by leaning too heavily toward what ought to be, they fail to make contact with people who are all messed up with prejudices, doubts and weaknesses that are anything but ideal. Dr. Tittle's honesty and simplicity keep him from falling into that error, and the wealth of illustration, both from literature and life with which he illumines the development of his thought, make the sermons unusually readable.

It is likely that the congregation has much to do with the making of a preacher, assuming, of course, that he has the capacity in the first place. The First Methodist Church at Evanston, Illinois, where Dr. Tittle has been preaching for many years, draws together faculty and students from Northwestern University,

Chicago commuters, and townspeople. Such a congregation makes both high and varied demands upon the one who would guide their spiritual lives; and this volume evidences the adequateness of the response which has been made.

Values, adventures, vision, wonder, love, respectability, are some of the topics—quite usual, of course—and they are dealt with in a group of sermons which concern individual attitudes. But the individual lives in society and has his difficulties there; so with the same straightforward frankness Dr. Tittle discusses the machine age, art, prohibition, race, patriotism, and national defense. A further group deals with Jesus' experience of life as it touches ours, and the book closes with the sermon which gives the title, *The Foolishness of Preaching*. We are indebted to John Spargo for that one, for it is an answer to some article of his. In a day when many are ready to agree at once that preaching is foolishness, it is worth while to be reminded, as one is here, not only of what preaching may be, but of the many significant things it has actually accomplished. (Published by Henry Holt. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$2.00 postpaid.)

PAUL JONES

Privates in the World War

THE life of the typical private in the World War has been tellingly if not invitingly portrayed in two recent books: *Her Privates We*, by Private 19022, and *Generals Die in Bed*, by Charles Yale Harrison. Both of these volumes are evidently written out of the depths of an intense and harrowing personal experience; both of them offer graphic pictures of the routine of trench life and of the ordeal of combat; and neither of them contains so much as a line or a phrase indicating that there is anything glamorous or romantic in warfare, that noble passions or heroic attainments go flaming across the path of the common soldier, or that there is very much of anything to be expected other than vermin, dirt, abuse, monotony, terror, and death.

The more dispassionate of the two volumes, as well as the longer and the more literary in texture, is the work of Private 19022. Here we have evidently no desire to preach a creed, to spread propaganda, or to circulate any particular point of view regarding warfare; we have merely an attempt to depict the daily life of the soldier, his hopes, his miseries, his conversations, his friendships, his dull and unexciting moments as well as his hour of blood and madness. And the dull and unexciting moments, significantly enough, appear to be vastly in the majority; life in the trenches, as depicted by Private 19022, seems to be about as interesting as life in a prison camp—to which, indeed, its resemblances are obvious. All is gray, sodden, earth-bound, and neither in thought nor in action can one aspire. Rats, lice, and misery are one's chief companions, while the most tragic element in the situation is that there broods over all the men "the sense of being at the disposal of some inscrutable power, using them for its own ends, and utterly indifferent to them as individuals."

More graphic, and in many respects more revealing, is Harrison's impressionistic *Generals Die in Bed*. It would be too much to say that this book brings home the full ghastliness and horror of warfare, for it is doubtful whether any book has ever been able to do that; but it is certain that few readers will be able to follow Mr. Harrison's series of gruesome pictures without a feeling of utter repugnance at the barbarity of what has been ironically termed "civilized conflict." One incident alone would be sufficient as an indictment of the whole spirit-shattering, gory institution—

the incident in which one of the Canadian privates, in the heat of a bayonet charge, plunges a steel blade into the entrails of a German foe. The sabre—as is not uncommon with this humane weapon—refuses to be withdrawn from the wound, but proceeds slowly to disembowel the moaning victim, who is thus butchered in a manner that would be forbidden by law were the sufferer a sheep or an ox. After a single such episode, the remaining incidents of the book—as when we see rivers fetid with bloated corpses, or behold a man's head ripped off by a sniper—appear merely trivial and commonplace, for one knows that the bayonet encounter described by Mr. Harrison was enacted not once during the recent war, nor even a hundred or a thousand times, but occurred on untold scores of thousands of occasions, and may be taken as subtly representative of that whole vast pageant of callousness and agony in which man tore out the vitals of his fellows not only physically but morally and spiritually as well. (*Her Privates We*, published by Putnam, \$2.50. *Generals Die in Bed*, published by Morrow, \$2.50. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, postpaid.) STANTON A. COBLENTZ

Weighed and Found Wanting

WE in the United States have proceeded on the blithe theory that the only cure for education is more education. The prescription, however, seems to have grave defects, for each season the publishers' lists contain a host of new critics of our bigger and better credo. Chief among these prophets crying in the wilderness are college educators who speak with undeniable authority.

The Trend of the American University, by David Starr Jordan, deserves a wide audience not so much for its critical evaluation of higher education as for the light it throws on the evolution in academic standards and procedure that has taken place in our country during the last half-century. The first two essays contained in the volume are an address made by the author in 1887 upon the organization of the Indiana College Association, and "An Apology for the American University," a commencement oration delivered at Stanford University in 1898. The concluding chapter, "The American University System, Past and Present," is especially significant in the light of the first two, for in it Dr. Jordan discusses certain changes in higher educational institutions based on his own earlier proposals as well as other changes suggested by him but never realized.

Those who expected another Now-It-Can-Be-Told volume by Clarence Cook Little are doomed to disappointment. *The Awakening College* is a critical but singularly fair-minded examination of the modern college, particularly the state university. With no evidence of bitterness or personal rancor, Dr. Little has put his finger on some of the outstanding ills that plague higher education as it is practiced in these United States, A.D. 1930. He denounces with asperity, but without spleen, such excrescences as military training, fraternities, the athletic phobia, entrance admissions, the rigidity and aridity of curricula, the blundering interference of alumni, and the sinister domination of political interests. Unlike Upton Sinclair's strictures, his criticism is directed from within rather than from without. As the former president of two state universities—Maine and Michigan—he should and does know whereof he speaks. Particular credit is due him for his clarifying discussion of teacher-training and the growing menace of the college of education with its overlapping courses and its lop-sided emphasis on technique at the expense of actual knowledge. Deans of colleges of education will no doubt rise up in wrathful protest,

but their very defensiveness is an indictment. We need more educators like Dr. Little who are not afraid to smite this new octopus that threatens to destroy what small vestiges we have of liberal education.

Unfortunately Dr. Little's book has no index. When will publishers learn that such a volume minus an index is like an automobile without a gasoline tank? (*The Trend of the American University*, published by Stanford University Press, price \$7.50; *The Awakening College*, published by W. W. Norton, price \$4.00. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, postpaid.)

G. E. M.

Letters of Tolstoy

MATTHEW ARNOLD once prophesied that in some happy future

... we shall dare

To seem as free from pride and guile,

As good, as generous, as we are.

In this volume, *The Letters of Tolstoy and His Cousin, Countess Alexandra Tolstoy*, the famous Russian appears in just such a warm, sunny light as Arnold imagined. Of other letters, the reader may think, "Wish I'd been clever enough to say that!" Reading these letters, he thinks, "Wish I were as straightforward about showing my thoughts as they really are."

The cousin to whom these letters were written, and whose glowing replies compose about half the volume, was evidently a few years older than Tolstoy. In the early pages he addresses her as "Granny," and she often calls him her grandson. It is clear that among all her relatives and friends he occupied a singularly warm place in her affections, and that she extended her tenderness to his wife and children as well.

Tolstoy's letters are as natural as Chekhov's—and who could say more? Both derive their charm in part from the fact that their authors regard the art of writing as part of the art of living.

Leo Islavin, the translator, has kept many of the Russian idioms, sometimes even to the sacrifice of formal English correctness; yet the result is not displeasing. These Russian turns are like the peachstones old housewives used to put into their preserves—to give tang.

Tolstoy's letters are, however, very different from Chekhov's in substance. For forty-seven years—extending almost to the final flight from home and comfort—he was forever seeking, without word or deed separating man from God, the divine service of both. Now and then his thirst was slaked by philosophic understanding, but soon again it agitated him. Three or four times it reached apostolic heights—generally whenever he became aware of a crisis of poverty among the moujiks, and found himself deeply moved by the terrible meekness of the Russian sufferer, by the hope of giving relief and comfort in place of all this pain.

"I send you a copy," he writes, "of my long letter to the papers about the famine in Samara. If you could and would make the mighty and good of this earth take an interest . . . your joy and mine shall be grains of sand in all this unlimited mercy done to thousands of people. . . . If men, simple and good, healthy of mind and body, suffer from destitution, you feel pained and ashamed to be a human creature."

Thus in the eighteen-seventies. In the eighteen-eighties he writes: "To me the essential meaning of the doctrine lies in the compulsion to remember God and the soul at every hour . . . and consequently to hold the love you bear your neighbor higher than the animal function of living."

By 1894 he comes to say: "The longer I live the more I feel convinced we are utterly wrong to live in wealth; and I cannot but suffer acutely by this."

Throughout the fifty years, nothing interests these Tolstoys half so much—not his great novels, not her association with rulers—as the Christian way of life. And in the light of such a record, all that his notebooks seemed to show of a nature rough and harsh is undone. All that his widow's wounded and bewildered reminiscences revealed of stubborn and self-sufficient fanaticism is disproved by these letters. The last anguish and final revolt present themselves as mysterious calamities, brought upon man and wife by the inexplicable nature of the universe.

There is little in these letters about war. Once—late in life—he says, "I didn't like Gordon—in fact, I couldn't go on with it. I can't get used to the idea of a Christian general—it is somehow like dry water." (Published by E. P. Dutton. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$3.00 postpaid.)

SARAH N. CLEGHORN.

WE RECOMMEND

The Cost of Living in the United States, published by the National Industrial Conference Board. 190 pages. \$2.50. Studies prepared by a representative employers' association. At the end of 1929 the average cost of living was estimated to be 62 percent. above that of July, 1914.

The Era of the French Revolution, by Louis R. Gottschalk. Houghton Mifflin. 500 pages. \$4.00. The study of the French Revolution has undergone some radical changes in recent years. The former exclusively political point of view has yielded more and more to the social and economic approach. The present study is one of the best accounts in English.

Experience with the Supernatural in Early Christian Times, by Shirley Jackson Case. Century Co. 341 pages. \$3.00. One of the extraordinary aspects of early Christianity was its preoccupation with things supernatural. Small wonder that a religion so impregnated with such an emphasis should have continued it to a great degree even unto the present. With his usual clarity, Professor Case disentangles the confusing elements responsible for this phenomenon and, rightly, ends with a discussion of what this view meant in terms of the mind.

The Next Ten Years in British Social and Economic Policy, by G. D. H. Cole. Macmillan. 459 pages. \$5.50. Unemployment, "the new capitalism," rationalisation, socialisation, workers' control, family allowances, agriculture, foreign affairs, education, the next labor government—these are some of the topics dealt with by one of British Labor's greatest economic thinkers. Mr. Cole believes that whereas "Twenty years ago, Socialism was in the main an exercise in fantasy. . . . Nowadays, on the other hand, Socialism is very much a matter of practical politics, not only because the Labor Party is far more powerful and far more Socialist, but also because the world's troubles far more plainly invite fundamental remedies." But Mr. Cole's far-reaching program, though convincing, gets nowhere without political leaders adventurous enough to carry it out and run the risks of temporary defeats. Has Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald read this gallant work?

Pornography and Obscenity, by D. H. Lawrence. Knopf. 40 pages. \$1.00. The late D. H. Lawrence suffered much in his day from censors. This is his parting shot at them.

The Power and Secret of the Jesuits, by René Fülöp-Miller. Viking Press. 523 pages. \$5.00. A fascinating book on an ever fascinating subject. Both the Jesuits and the Protestants have, surprisingly enough, praised the volume. This does not mean that it is colorless or non-committal. On the contrary, it is well-informed and lively and avoids no controversial points.

Grandeur and Misery of Victory, by Georges Clemenceau. Harcourt, Brace. 432 pages. \$5.00. This is the book Clemenceau wrote "with his last breath"—if the mixed metaphor may stand. It is his defense against Marshal Foch and Poincaré. It bristles with vindictiveness in tearing to pieces the man who owed all to him. Foch and Clemenceau both having now gone to "glory," the fight is bequeathed to their secretaries and friends.

Finland, the Republic Farthest North, by Eugene Van Cleeef. Ohio State University Press. 220 pages. \$2.50. A surprisingly complete and clear book in modest compass and of great value to those who wish to know the forces which make peoples what they are. The land, the industries, the climate, the arts, the history, and politics of this northern country are set forth, and the Finns themselves brought nearer to us.

The Free Woman, by Irene Soltan. Student Christian Movement 207 pages. \$2.00. Although there is nothing new in this volume, it is a sane, sympathetic interpretation of Jesus' teachings in regard to many of the problems which vex modern woman, particularly the modern feminist. How she may reconcile her emancipation with Christian doctrine is the burden of its message. It is written by a woman and is, of course, in the absence of specific pronouncement, based largely on inference.

The Real Founders of New England, by Charles Knowles Bolton. F. W. Faxon Co. 192 pages. \$3.50. Being a bit smart-alecky ourselves, we have always liked those delectable books that show up old errors and misconceptions. This is one of them. It is often thought by the uninitiate (that means the other fellow) that the Pilgrims were really the first white men to trade and stop along the New England coast. Mr. Bolton discusses interestingly their predecessors beginning in 1602. Oh well, most of them were Nordics, so after all our national honor is safe.

Uncle Sham, by Kanhaya Lal Gauba. Claude Kendall, Publisher. 261 pages. \$3.00. We commend this book very dubiously. It was suppressed and is now purchasable. It is an attempt by a justly aroused East Indian to treat the United States in the manner Katherine Mayo treated India's civilization. Quoting copiously from a mixture of sound and asinine sources, Mr. Gauba shows this country up to be hypocritical and base—"a civilization run amuck." Well, admittedly we are pretty rotten. THE WORLD TOMORROW believes that Miss Mayo's method of attacking some genuine wrongs was indefensible and gross, but it also believes that the net effect of *Uncle Sham* will not be primarily in the right direction. Innuendo, exaggeration, dirt piled on dirt—none of these things, however true or false, is likely to bring about international respect. Two wrongs never make a right. However, we'd feel a bit more pious in saying all this if the United States had not been the first offender.

Capitalism, Socialism, Communism? A Debate, by Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, A. Fenner Brockway, M.P., and Scott Nearing. The Rand Book Store. Fifty cents. (Pamphlet.) This is a stimulating and eye-opening report of the debate which was held last winter in New York.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Changing South

THE scene is a classroom of the high school of a small town in Iowa. The principal, a native of Missouri, is speaking: "No one can tell me that Booker T. Washington or any other colored man is as good a man as I am."

More than twenty years pass. The scene now is a classroom of Clark University, Atlanta, Georgia. The Georgia Association of Accredited Schools and Colleges (colored) is in session. Dr. E. A. Pound, state supervisor of high schools, a native of the South, speaks: "There is no color line in character."

These contrasted statements, coming with this interval between them, represent a change in attitude which has been taking place in the minds of the better class Southerners. Other incidents indicate the same trend.

In the fall of 1913, a woman new to the South visited the Sunday school of the leading church of her denomination in Macon, Georgia. Though a stranger, as an educated, cultured woman, interested in church work, she was welcomed, made organist for the Sunday school, and given a class to teach. The following Sunday she appeared at the church ready for the work to which she had been appointed. Another organist presided at the musical instrument, another teacher had her class. The chilliness of the atmosphere was evident. Why the change? Within the week her identity as the wife of the principal of a mission school for colored students had become known.

Some fourteen years later the daughter of a teacher in the same institution was placed in a kindergarten in one of the best white residential sections, retained in it for two years, and then transferred to a public school. Her mother during this interval met the mothers of other pupils and attended meetings of the Parent-Teachers' Association. The little girl entered the Sunday school of a white congregation in the neighborhood, and her mother joined a ladies' class in the same church. During all this time the child received every courtesy and consideration, and her mother was snubbed by only one person.

A few years ago social isolation was the expected and accepted lot of the white teacher in a school for colored students, so far as the white community was concerned. But this is changing even here in Macon, a city thoroughly Southern in temper and noted for its conservatism. A few months since, a club of bird lovers was formed, made up primarily of people of the highest social standing in the city, and four from the mission school circle were invited to become charter members. This may have been due to the independence and breadth of view of the founder of the club. On no such narrow basis, however, can one explain the continued courtesy and hospitality these teachers have met as they attended session after session of the club. Unquestionably a change in social attitude has taken place.

When the writer first came to the South a little over eleven years ago, there was no accredited colored high school in the state. The leading educational institutions for colored students, supported mainly by northern missionary bodies or by colored churches, pur-

sued their way, doing work of many diverse standards, without attention from any state authorities.

Now there is a well organized and growing association of accredited schools. Its regular sessions are attended by Dr. Joseph S. Stewart of the University of Georgia, the chairman of the state accrediting commission, and his associates. The latter assume the ability of the colored institutions to measure up to the same academic standards as the white schools, and are ready with encouragement and helpful counsel.

Formerly public support for colored education beyond the grammar grades was limited almost entirely to schools of a dominantly industrial type. Now Dr. Stewart in a public address gives unstinted support to college training for colored youth.

A dozen years ago Macon had the merest beginning of any public school work above seven grammar grades. Four additional years of work have been gradually added, but so much time has been required for industrial training that only very second-rate work in the normal academic subjects has been possible. Yet this year the county superintendent of schools pledges himself to Dr. Stewart that this school shall meet the standards required for accrediting. The spirit of the times has indeed changed, when a Georgia city must bring its colored high school to an accredited rating to maintain its prestige in state educational circles.

Macon, Ga.

LEWIS H. MOUNTS

The Omnipotent Marines

ABOUT 1:30 in the afternoon, left Jinotega aboard mule. Beautiful landscapes; forested ridges and grass-covered knolls; valleys shining with emerald green of pastures and darker blue-green of corn fields.

After I had ridden about an hour and a half, I heard splashing in the little stream I had just forded, and looking back, saw an American officer and a Nicaraguan private of the National Guard, both on horseback, coming from Jinotega. In a minute of two they overtook me. The officer was a nice-looking young Irishman, with blue eyes and clean-cut features. He told me he was from Cambridge, Massachusetts, and had been in the marines for twelve years, enlisting when he was twenty. His name was Lieut. Russell White. "I am now on the way to meet a detachment of Guards who are coming from Jinotega," he said as he rode up. We trotted along together for ten minutes. Finally he pulled up his horse and said: "I'll have to see your credentials. I'm a member of the Road Patrol."

I gave him my passport, and he studied it carefully, going over each visa; he may have been looking for one from Russia. Then leaning over, he reached for my billfold in my inside coat pocket. "I'll have to look at your papers," he said. "On what authority do you demand them?" I asked. "By superior orders," was his answer. "Here they are," I responded, giving him the billfold. "but I formally protest against this act."

While he went through the billfold, he ordered the Guard to go through my saddle bags, one of which held my brief case, the other my overcoat. Before leaving Costa Rica, Norberto Salinas, the editor of the review *Sandino*, had given me a letter of introduction to ex-President Bartolome Martinez. The letter was written on the letter-head of the review. Having heard that bandits had recently crossed the Matagalpa-Jinotega road, I had put the letter in my billfold, to have it handy to flash with the name "Sandino" on it, on the possibility that it might help me out

of a fix. But it proved bad medicine with the lieutenant. As soon as he saw the letter-head, and had glanced at a few lines, that was enough for him. "You will have to go back with me to Matagalpa," he said. "All right," I responded, "but again I protest."

The Guard put my saddle bags on his horse and back we started. It was a beautiful afternoon and my mule travelled much better with company and going home. The lieutenant told me he had been sent especially to get me. I answered that I wished they had sent him sooner and saved my retracing so much ground. The Guard was Victor Manuel Cajina of Masaya. But the lieutenant, who had been in Nicaragua almost a year, said he didn't speak much Spanish. So to be polite, I did not speak much to the Nicaraguan.

About five we reached Matagalpa again, and there I met Captain D. A. Stafford, the commander of the section. He is a nice chap, well liked and well spoken of by the Nicaraguans. We went inside the Guard headquarters, and I sat down in front of the captain's desk, while he and the lieutenant remained outside for several minutes. Finally Captain Stafford came in, lit a cigarette and started to ask me questions.

"I am quite willing to coöperate in any investigation you want to make," I said, "but first let me ask by what authority I was arrested on the road to Jinotega and returned here."

"To be frank," answered the captain, "on orders from Managua; they telegraphed you were a suspicious person."

Thomson: "Then the Guard Regulations permit you to arrest any person merely on suspicion?"

Capt.: "Yes."

T.: "Let me also ask by what right my private and personal papers were violated by Lieutenant White and the Nicaraguan private? I understand that the Nicaraguan Constitution provides that private papers are inviolable except under martial law, and that is not now in force."

(Article 42 of the Constitution states: "Private papers can be taken only on the order of a competent judge in criminal and civil suits as the law determines, and must be examined in the presence of the owner, or in his lack, of two witnesses, those which have no relation to the investigation to be returned.")

Capt.: "The Guard is practically the Constitution of Nicaragua."

T.: "You mean that when Guard policy and the Constitution conflict, the Guard follows out its own policy?"

Capt.: "Yes."

T.: "Practically then, your right to examine my papers rests on force alone?"

Capt.: "Yes."

T.: "Very well, then, but before you go through my papers let me write a formal protest."

He gave me paper, and I addressed this protest to the Commanding Officer of the National Guard, Managua:

"May I herewith present formal protest against my detention this afternoon while on the road from Matagalpa to Jinotega, by Lieut. Russell White and Private Victor Manuel Cajina, and also against the examination by the above and by Captain D. A. Stafford of my private papers. It is my understanding that in accord with the Constitution of Nicaragua, private papers are held inviolable, except under martial law. Respectfully yours, Charles A. Thomson."

Captain Stafford then proceeded to go through the contents of my brief case, while I admired the mountain scenery through the open door. He did not read any of the letters of introduction

which I was carrying, but did read open letters which I had received, copies of some which I had sent, notes I had taken on private interviews, some of my Fellowship talks in Spanish and English, Nevin Sayre's outline of possible Fellowship development, and other literature. He went through the Fellowship literature more carefully than many Fellowship members, I would wager.

The job finished, he said: "Aside from the general tenor of the organization, I don't find anything on which we can hold you." He piled up my papers neatly, gave them back to me, and I was free to depart. However, then I proceeded to interview him, and we talked for another half hour.

That evening I sent telegrams of protest to the Minister of Gubernacion, Sr. Gustavo Abaunza, and to the American Minister, Mr. Hanna. I also wired the Fellowship of what had happened, and telegraphed Dr. Rosendo Arguello.

To my mind, the most significant phase of the affair is the frank statements by Captain Stafford that the Guard is independent of and superior to the Nicaraguan Constitution. The American Intervention is ostensibly in Nicaragua to assist them in mastering the art of self-government; yet it makes of their Constitution practically a scrap of paper.

Managua, Nicaragua
July 22, 1930

CHARLES A. THOMSON,
Secretary for Central America,
Fellowship of Reconciliation.

A Correction

A REVIEW of Walter Marshall Horton's book appeared in the August issue of THE WORLD TOMORROW under the title *Theism and the Modern World*. We regret this error and wish to inform our readers that the correct title of Mr. Horton's book is *Theism and the Modern Mood*.
THE EDITORS

ANNOUNCEMENTS

World Congress on Sexual Reform

THE fourth international congress of Der Weltliga Für Sexualreform (World League for Sexual Reform) will be held in Vienna, Austria, September 13 to 20, 1930. Among those who will take part in the program are Bertrand Russell, Dr. Norman Haire, Judge Ben Lindsey, Professor Edward A. Ross, and Mrs. Margaret Sanger. Information may be obtained from Dr. Herbert Steiner, a member of the Committee on Arrangements, Wein 1/15, Postfach 63, Austria.

F. O. R. Conference

A GENERAL conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation will be held at Unity House, Forest Park, Pennsylvania, September 11-14. "Overcoming Violence in My Community" will be the subject of the conference, the purpose of which is to inspire more energetic thought and action on the part of Fellowship groups throughout the country in their efforts to combat violence in all forms. Among the speakers will be A. J. Muste, chairman, Louis Francis Budenz, Paul H. Douglas, F. Ernest Johnson, Kirby Page, J. B. Matthews, Charles A. Thomson, and Mordecai W. Johnson. Detailed information as to rates and directions may be had from the offices of the Fellowship, 383 Bible House, Astor Place, New York City.

The Last Page

"WILL some philanthropic attorney offer a living wage to a young hopeful who wishes to continue his clerkship? Interested in well fed present and glorious future."

This advertisement in an esteemed weekly contemporary made Eccentricus, long a champion of the younger generation (and not so long ago a member of it) go out and kick lustily with his stocking feet against his favorite stone wall. Shades of Saint Francis or Baron Rothschild—Eccentricus is a bit befuddled—can it be possible that any lawyer would ever give this young pup anything but a flourish toward the door? Most young men, I firmly still avow, are interested in a glorious present and a well fed future.

How do Wordsworth's lines about the period of the French Revolution sound in this modern American youth's manner?

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young [and well fed] was very heaven!"

And shall it not again be said, "Your old men shall dream dreams and your [well fed] young men shall see visions"?

Nay, nay. These youths who fancy even a glorious future can be had by advertising are like that clown in All's Well That Ends Well, who said, "I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught."

* * *

NORMALA and I are not taking any vacation in the American countryside this year, and so with no terrifying weight of responsibility upon us we have relaxedly enjoyed the ads and circulars which have come our way.

There is, for example, Hamburger's Health Farm, which, appropriately enough, is strictly vegetarian.

There is a camp at Old Mystic, Conn., "near ocean," and since Normala and I once lived in the village we know very well that, like the town of Alcala celebrated in the song, it "isn't on the sea, it's nowhere near the sea."

There is a place in the Catskills with "magnificent table, pleasing scenery," and another with "magnificent surroundings, good food."

Then there is the "camp for moderns," and a camp "to restore poise and harmony"; is there a subtle contrast here?

There is the "camp intime" and the camp for "refined people." In fact, there are about a million camps for "refined people." You would never realize, from ordinary experience, that there were so many refined people in the world.

There is Camp Echo and Camp Rohrbach.

Worst of all, in my cantankerous judgment, is the place "where particular people are pleased," for personally I have never encouraged particular people.

There was one that almost got us. It said, "You'll be at home here." After a time, Normala spoke. "Well, why not be at home here, and have a real good time?"

* * *

WE are, nevertheless, soon quitting these shores for other climes. Eccentricus's bag of quips and satires has grown sadly thin, as doubtless you have noticed. And so his friends the editors, at great sacrifice but determined on drastic action, have

sent him to pick up in foreign lands, if possible, something worth printing. Or, as he secretly thinks, they have their eyes on his chair; the chair that for many a year has upheld his poundage through thick jokes and thin, and which has been held together at various times by straps, ropes, and ten-penny nails, but which still stands manfully unafraid of the coming years. Whether to send some stuff from far afield or leave the page slightly blanker than usual, has been a question.

Well, as the boy said when he applied for a job and was asked if he had ever taken stenographic dictation, I'm willing to try. I shall manage with whimsies, of color but of doubtful hilarity, and stand for a shift from the Grundys and Ma Fergusons to the Briands and Benitos, mayhap the presiding elders of the editorial sanctum will run some stuff dashed off by Eccentricus on the white spaces of his numerous tourist trunk labels between stops—little pieces, for example, about the sub-lingual dialects of the Estonians, or an occasional treatise on How to Tell a Tier from Wales.

* * *

WE may actually land in London. I'm not yet sure I can be calm enough to make a three-point landing. The fog may be thick but the risibility will be high. Normala had heard about a stern and heavy duty on silks, and even artificial silks—which, truth to tell, worried her far more—and as for me, I have heard about certain strictures on some kinds of American-copy righted books. I feared for my young library (a peripatetic scholar is a pathetic figure these days). I had even heard of camer trouble, and I worried about my views (who wouldn't?). Therefore I wrote in my most persuasive manner beseeching a list of dutiable articles from the British Consulate.

It came. Verily, 'twas as long as Cotton Mather's face. They are easy, to some degree, on personal possessions, but at that not very, because to my certain and tremulous knowledge a Quaker gentleman got himself pinched last spring for failure to declare a pair of silk hose his wife sent by him to a British friend. (That's what comes when the tribe of John Woolman takes to silk.) The list of articles, be it known, is most peremptorily worded, and sounds as fearsome to a greenhorn like Eccentricus as an actuary data sheet. But the spirit, if not the sense of humor, was O.K. for attached was a tiny slip entitled, "Welcome to Great Britain and Ireland."

* * *

Pensacola, Florida, reports a police dog which can say in singing tone, "Mamma." At last, it has come upon us. A Jolson's influence has won.

* * *

Current events cast their shadows on all nature. The prohibition question has hit our neighboring pond, where two frogs nightly vie with each other, one crying distinctly the olden gleam "Jug o' rum, jug o' rum," and the other shrilly warning, "Better go 'round, better go 'round." And, no kidding, I was reading this stuff to Normala when an inquisitive cricket piped in through the open window, "Cheap, cheap, cheap." I asked Normala her opinion, and she said . . . well, let's not go into that.

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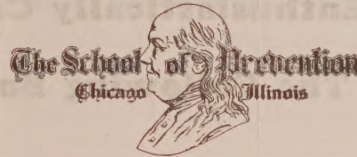
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